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5-7

A Prison In Russia

Soviet Penal Colony: 2300 Prisoners, 3 Guards

By LESTER COHEN

One Writer's Position
By Horace Gregory

Minorities in Two Worlds
By Langston Hughes

Thomas Boyd, Communist
By Granville Hicks

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New Masses

FEBRUARY 12, 1935

REP. Hamilton Fish, the professional Red-hunter and drummerboy of fascism, is on the war-path again. This time he's not waving his tomahawk at the Communist Party and Moscow, but at three federal officials whom he denounced on the floor of Congress for having contributed funds to the National Congress for Unemployment and Social Insurance. He is backed up by resolutions adopted by the Tenth Women's Patriotic Conference on National Defense. These super-patriotic ladies declared that there were "hundreds of Communists" reported to be on the federal payrolls, and that the funds in question were contributed "to promote Communist activities that included inciting strikes, riots, sabotage, industrial unrest and revolutionary propaganda. . . ." But they know, as everybody knows, that the Unemployment Insurance Congress was not a Communist body. It was a united front of representatives from all parties and trade unions, and its principal business was to press for the passage of the Workers' Unemployment Insurance Bill, H.R. 2827. We like the answer of Robert Marshall, one of the accused officials: "Because I have been out in the woods and up in the Arctic a good part of the past five years, it may be that the Bill of Rights was repealed without my hearing of it. Even if it were so, it would not affect my contribution, because it was to an agency neither Socialist nor Communist, but anti-fascist."

DEAD—BUT DOESN'T KNOW IT! *Russell T. Limbach*

OUR readers who have been following the strikes in the Klein and Ohrbach stores in New York City will be interested to learn that, through mass pressure and picketing, the workers have forced S. Klein to a settlement. Though the victory is not a complete one for the employes, the sixty or more discharged workers not having been reinstated, but placed on the preferential hiring list, they are to receive five weeks' wages for time lost while they were fighting Mr. Klein for their rights. Meanwhile the strike of the Ohrbach employes on the south side of Union Square still continues. Last week a number of artists, Jacob Burck, staff cartoonist of The Daily Worker, Hugo Gellert, Phil Bard and other members of the Artists' Union went out on the picket line and were immediately arrested by the police, who are so eager to protect the interests of Mr. Ohrbach that at times the mounted cops seem ready to drive customers into the store to purchase Ohrbach goods. If the Ohrbach workers keep up their fight with the courage they have displayed during the past weeks there is little reason to doubt that they will succeed in gaining an even more important victory than the Klein strikers.

RECENTLY a state law was introduced and passed by the Alabama House of Representatives which in its drastic suppression of any Communist activity in the state even supersedes that which the Red-hunters of California have been able to think up. It is particularly aimed, of course, against the Communist Party which it would outlaw and it is a direct threat to the rank-and-file unions whose growing militancy is giving bad dreams to certain people in power. The state law would provide anyone who even read sections of the Declaration of Independence out loud with the delightful privilege of serving from five to twenty years on the chain gang. The provisions of the law are worth quoting, for they read as if they were written by some American Hitler who would like to see us all sporting black shirts and kowtowing to a totalitarian state. Under its provisions come "any writing, publication, printing cut, cartoon, utterance or conduct to make

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or cause any outbreak or demonstration of violence against the State or any subdivision thereof with a view to overthrowing or destroying or attempting to overthrow and destroy by force or any show or threat of force, the government or any subdivision thereof, including anything that advocates or teaches the duty, necessity, propriety of any overt act or any form of terrorism as a means of overthrowing the government and prohibits the organizing, aiding or abetting in the organization of an assembly, society, or group where any of the policies or purposes thereof are seditious as defined."

THIS law, of course, would make any literature, even mildly pink, anathema to the state authorities and anyone found even peeking into the covers of The Nation or Today might spend the rest of his life in chains. The Southern Worker, a militant newspaper edited by Jim Mallory, would be particularly hard hit by the law, for it would make it entirely illegal and would drive it even further underground than it is at present. A motion to reconsider the bill is coming up before the House this week and all those ready to fight fascism and the suppression of all constitutional rights should wire Governor Graves of Alabama and Representative Street, a large Tallapoosa landlord who introduced the bill. The recent developments in Alabama and Arkansas prove that the ferment among the white and Negro share-croppers in the South is reaching such proportions that the ruling class there is beginning to adopt all the tactics utilized by Hitler.

ALABAMA is redoubling her efforts to "get the Scottsboro boys." Thomas E. Knight, formerly Attorney General and now Lieutenant Governor, has been specially appointed by the new Attorney General, Albert A. Carmichael, to continue in charge of the Scottsboro prosecution. From the beginning, Knight has used merciless tactics in conducting the case. He persistently referred to Haywood Patterson as "that black thing," insulted the whole Negro race, ridiculed the idea of Negroes serving on juries and called the attorneys for the I.L.D. "Yankee Jews." There will be no let-up on the part of the fire-brands and there must be no let-up in the defense. The I.L.D. is in great need of funds, both to carry on the cases in Alabama and the hearings before the Supreme Court in Washington. Send your contribution to the International Labor Defense, 80 East Eleventh Street, New York City.

WHEN the All-Union Congress of the U.S.S.R. convened in Moscow last week, the world was electrified by Mikhail Tukhachevsky's recapitulation of the growth of the Red Army and of Soviet defenses. The Assistant Defense Commissar stated that the size of the Red Army had been increased from less than 600,000 two years ago to 940,000. Fortifications have been built near frontiers and garrisons established, especially in the far eastern Maritime Provinces where the greatest threat of intervention has existed in recent years. It has been necessary to increase appropriations for defense. In 1934 the figure rose to five billion rubles. In 1935 the cost to the Soviets of defending Socialism against would-be aggressors will be 6,500,000,000 rubles. Tank production, light and heavy, increased by 700 percent; heavy artillery, by more than 200 percent. But while the Congress cheered these achievements to the echo, the report also pointed out that the armies of the Soviets differ radically from imperialist armies. Forty-five percent of the soldiers are industrial workers; 90 percent of the peasant composition of the army comes from collective farms, and the men and officers fraternize on equal terms. Tukhachevsky also reminded his hearers that the percentage of military cost is lower than that of any capitalist country, only 10 percent of the total budget as compared to more than 45 percent for both Japan and Poland; and that the Czarist army in 1914 had 1,458,762 men. He added, however, "We have nothing in common with the Czarist army, which was uncouth, clumsy, awkward." Greatest emphasis has been placed on technical perfection, scientific equipment and rapid mobility . . . The workers' republic has able defenders, unique in military annals, soldiers who are conscious that they fight for the masses, and that the fruit of their victories will go to themselves and their fellows in the building of Socialism. The achievements of Stalin, Voroshilov and Odjonikidze in creating such a fighting force have directly contributed to the peace of the world.

WHILE all sorts of excited folk were shedding tears of sympathy for the assassins of Kirov and thinking up ghost stories about "tyranny" in the Soviet Union, the Council of People's Commissars was preparing to submit a new extension of democracy in one-sixth of the world which has long enjoyed the only democracy for the masses ever heard of. The changes were written into the Soviet Constitution this week by the All-Union Congress, and provide for secret ballot, instead of voting by hands, and for direct vote in place of the various local, provincial and national electoral stages. The collective farmers who heretofore have had fewer representatives than urban industrial workers will be placed on a level with them. The new regulations were designed to keep step with the advances in economy and the emergence from the period of class struggle. As Izvestia states, "the kulak class has been basically eliminated, private trade ended and the class enemy defeated, and the relations within the population have been entirely changed. . . . The basis of the country now is Socialist public property in city and village and the closest union between workers and the collective farm peasantry." One by one the later steps in the process of socialization predicted by Lenin are being carried out. The actual democratic character of the Soviet government is graphically illustrated by the composition of the All-Union Congress itself. Of the 2,040 delegates, 936 are of industrial origin and 301 are factory workers. The delegates of peasant origin number 473, most of whom are now workers on collective farms. There are 387 women and 154 delegates from the Red Army. Sixty-seven are scientists, professionals and writers. Contrast that with Capitol Hill, Washington, District of Columbia, U.S.A.! Never in the world was such a completely representative governing body.

CHINA'S Nationalist government, facing bankruptcy from the drainage of silver to America, and continually defeated in battle and strategy by the Chinese Red Armies, is not yet on its last legs. The western imperialist powers may bolster up Chiang Kai-shek, as they have done before, with a loan. Nevertheless, Nanking's failures indicate that a new policy is needed by imperialist interests in China. It is Tokyo's big opportunity, and the Mikado's men go about it in a characteristic way. At first there are "incidents" in Chahar and Outer Mongolia — really bloody invasions — but Japanese Minister Ariyoshi announces that "Japan has

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no territorial designs on China." However, an official statement continues, "if they do not see the international political situation in the Orient as we do, we would be unable to guarantee against repetition of events similar to the Manchurian incident of 1931 [*i.e.*, when Manchukuo was swallowed up], the Shanghai clash of 1932 and the most recent Chahar-Jehol clash." The threat is plain. To "see the situation in the Orient as the Japanese do" means for the Nanking government to hand over its affairs, its economic and military control to the Tokyo war-makers. It would mean setting up another "puppet state," this time not just Manchukuo, but the whole of China. Asia will swarm with Japanese anti-Communist armies and airplanes, and when the proper moment arrives the Soviet border will be violated by an "incident."

IT IS impossible to determine, of course, whether Chiang Kai-shek's desperate position will force him to surrender openly to the threats of the island empire. On Feb. 1 he denied reports that "a Chino-Japanese rapprochement had been planned that would make China economically dependent on Japan." But if Chiang Kai-shek is not openly in league with Tokyo's new game of conquest, he is actually giving aid to it, as the present Kuomintang drive against all anti-Japanese students and professors abundantly proves. The Nanking government made no protest against the Chahar invasion. It was dubbed merely "a local affair." Should the Japanese imperialists succeed in taking Nanking under their wing she will of course be in a position to drive stiff bargains with the other imperialist powers over the question of the open door. The flaw in her grandiose scheme is the fact that only a fraction of the Chinese people have ever been controlled by the Nationalist government. Whole provinces are rapidly becoming sovietized and will resist to the end every imperialist rule, whether native or foreign.

ONCE more and just as we are going to press, the unemployed have "their" snow. The New York City officials are co-operating 100 percent. Indeed the first few flakes of this latest fall had hardly reached the ground before Mayor LaGuardia had formulated and quickly relayed to the press his plan to have the city fire departments go shrieking their warnings about the streets for the boys on relief to grab their shovels and report to the nearest ward healer for instructions. It's nice to know that the folks in city hall are thinking about these things even though only a few Reds seemed to regard it worth while to give much publicity to the fact that the shoveling in the worst of winter weather is done by those on relief who were handed shovels and told to dig in—or else.

THE papers have noted lately that when Prime Minister Mussolini changes his cabinet he transfers offices from his left to his right hand. He is now Foreign Minister, Minister of War, Finance, Aviation, Agriculture, etc. It appears that he has ambitions to be Minister of Literature and the Drama also, for he lately called a Congress on Dramatic Arts in Rome and paid de luxe fares on the Blue Express for a number of dramaturges, directeurs and literati (sympathetic to Fascism, of course) from all over Europe. The ponderous congress was treated to Cinzano and oratory in the Julius Caesar room of the ancient Capitol. Its conclusions were couched in hifalutin' terms, which boil down to this: First, the theatre in western Europe is "sick." Second, in order to recover it needs a big butter-and-egg man. Third, the Angel must be the State. The dearth of any kind of vigorous art in Italy must have weighed heavily upon the distinguished delegates, but the conclusions of Mr. Gordon Craig, one of the guests of the Congress, published in The New York Times, Feb. 3, will give the Roman magnificos a still worse headache. "The Soviet has prescribed a lasting tonic of 150,000,000 rubles a year for the theatre and there are already 500 theatres in Russia where once there were 200, and 20,500 actors where once only 7,000 were employed. As you see the Soviet not only prescribed well, but diagnosed correctly—not only cured an eye or a hand, but the whole body of the Russian theatre from Archangel to Yalta. . . . While certain Europeans have rejected . . . reforms suggested in the last thirty years which were not immediate money makers, Russia accepted the reforms, added to them and today leads the European theatre. The Russian theatre seems to be years in advance of all other theatres."

IN ITALY many categories of teachers are forced by the Fascists to teach in black shirts, with a pistol and dagger dangling from either side of the encircling belt. In America some college teachers are beginning to realize that preservation of their rights may necessi-

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tate a political as well as an economic struggle. At City College the staffs have recently organized an Anti-Fascist Association whose preamble to their constitution reads:

> We recognize that Fascism can result only in the degradation of art, science and culture; intense nationalism; racial discrimination; enforced labor; the suppression of civil rights, including academic freedom; militarization; lowering the standard of living; and denial of equality to women.
>
> We recognize that Fascism manifests itself in the attempts to degrade human thought in every branch of learning and to dissolve the political and economic organizations of the industrial and agricultural workers, and professionals.
>
> We, therefore, pledge ourselves actively to assist the forces fighting against Fascism and to aid in expanding the anti-Fascist front.

One of the first acts of the Association was to pass a resolution condemning Hearst. In protest against his "campaign of terrorism against teachers in American colleges and school," the staffs have passed a resolution in which they create a medium for expressing their active opposition. Pointing to the fact that the success of Hearst's campaign would mean reducing "the schools and colleges in the U.S.A. to the ignominious condition of the schools and universities in Hitlerite Germany and Fascist Italy," and attacking Hearst for propagating "a violent spirit of nationalism and militarism" in his newspapers, the resolution "urges students and teachers who value academic freedom and are opposed to fascism to boycott and to spread a boycott of the Hearst newspapers." The organization of the Anti-Fascist Association and the passing of this militant resolution are welcome signs of life among the City College teachers. Nothing is more effective in the struggle against war and fascism on the campus than a united front of students and teachers.

THIS issue of THE NEW MASSES, appearing on the anniversary of Abraham Lincoln, gives us an opportunity to bring to the attention of our readers a seldom quoted declaration of Honest Abe's: "This country," Abe Lincoln said, " . . . belongs to the people who inhabit it. Whenever they shall grow weary of the existing government they can exercise their constitutional right of amending it, or their revolutionary right to dismember or overthrow it."

JUSTICE Burt Jay Humphrey has signed the injunction preventing the International Longshoremen's Association from uniting with the International Brotherhood of Teamsters to organize completely the New York City waterfront. Dock workers now must not refuse to handle a cargo trucked by non-union teamsters. The law decrees they must cooperate with scabs: a precedent which if successful will hereafter be followed in every instance where the unions in the same industry join to organize the men in that industry. Justice Humphrey does not wear a Supreme Court gown merely because it becomes him sartorially. He showed himself capable of making a shrewd move for his side in granting a stay "pending appeal to a higher court." It is the time-honored policy of delay, delay, delay until the men are worn down by exhaustion. It is a transparent attempt to forestall the strike. Furthermore, the stay, though it sounds like a concession, actually nets the workers little. Non-union trucks, according to the law's letter, must be permitted to move on to the piers. If the shippers or trucking companies feel that the workers' actions do not suit the employers' interests—if the unions in their striving for a decent life interfere with the normal course of commerce—the stay can be revoked at a minute's notice. Yet this much is clear: if the men had not impressed the employers, the Chamber of Commerce and the shipowners with a sample of their strength last week in the one-day strike, the injunction-minus-stay would today be operating. The maneuver is a typical Fabian tactic so useful to the employer class. It has become a high art under the N.R.A. It is the strategy of the Chamber of Commerce, and of Joseph Ryan, president of the I.L.A. and Michael Cashal, leader of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters. The truck drivers must smash through the bureaucratic "front" to rank-and-file rule. They must not hesitate to use the only language the bosses understand —a language not to be found in Webster's or Blackstone's—but on the picket line. The lines of battle are drawn. The watchword is "Strike."

Picket Lines Grow

THERE may well be trepidations and heart-burnings beneath the domes at Washington: the biggest strike wave in the history of American labor is gathering momentum. It may break in full fury any hour. Roosevelt's auto decision the other day disillusioned millions. American labor, long suffering and vastly credulous, seems to have reached the limits of its patience. There is strike talk on both sides of the Appalachians—and the first contingents of workingmen in this latest counter-attack have gone over the top.

Auto men are out in the Detroit area; the steel workers and bituminous miners met in a significant session February 3 at Pittsburgh to lay plans for joint action; 40,000 truckers and longshoremen in New York City have warned they will go on strike if the anti-labor injunction becomes effective — thousands in other New York trades, specifically the taxi drivers and mechanics, have pledged them their support; most of the Glen Alden collieries in the hard coal country about Wilkes Barre are tied up; and down South the textile strikers of Georgia carry on despite the murder of one of their strikers. Support of labor throughout the country forced the temporary retreat of the National Guardsmen there.

The President's extension of the auto code until June 1 was scarcely in the headlines when seven hundred maintenance men in the Murray Body plant walked out. Subsequent reports have it that the workers from other departments—welders, electricians, etc.—have joined them. Picketing has begun and the 5,000 men still at the job are talking strike.

The leaders lower down in the A.F. of L., such as President W. J. Mortimer, of the White Motors Federal local in Cleveland — membership: 3,000— put it this way: "The N.R.A. and the Labor Codes have run us into a blind alley and we will have to ignore them completely." The President of the Metal Trades Council in Cleveland said "The situation is so explosive that only a spark is needed to set it off."

They talk strike in all the proletarian neighborhoods; and mingled with the consideration of immediate aggressive action is the hot repudiation of the

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leadership — the Bill Greens, the Matthew Wolls, the Tighes and all the rest of the portly gentlemen whom Lenin called "the lieutenants of capital in the ranks of labor." But these lieutenants are making their customary deft maneuvers. The pressure from the rank and file is enormous. As John Soltis, vice-chairman of the Hupmobile Federal local of the A.F. of L. said, "The leadership for united strike action must come from the rank and file." He put no stock in Green's and John L. Lewis's recent blasts against the codes and N.R.A. top leaders. "William Green and the other officials are talking militant because they are forced to do so. They see the handwriting on the wall."

But the A.F. of L. big shots lack other qualities than shrewdness. And they serve their real allegiance well. Mr. Lewis, one of the cagiest of all labor's misleaders, has tempered his criticism of the New Deal to exclude the President — and to include Donald R. Richberg. Hitherto, the presidential lightning rod was General Johnson. He was the bad man who misled the President. Today the "innocent" President is being bamboozled by Richberg — the President's Man Friday and confidant. The President does not know what is being cooked up right under his nose. Richberg is the Iago in the romance between the President and Labor. The President, Mr. Lewis pretends, is innocent, is honest as the day is long, but these advisors of his!

Such differentiation is transparent dishonesty. Every intelligent student of politics—and that includes Mr. Lewis—knows that nothing is said or done officially by the New Deal top leaders without the President's knowledge and endorsement. Everyone knows that the Washington bureaucracy is well organized and functions similarly to a military staff, and the President of these United States has not yet abdicated his powers as generalissimo. This separation of the good President from his evil advisers is fooling nobody these days. It may have worked a year or two ago. But the President has been obliged to show his hand in the auto ruling, as he showed his hand a few days before in the newspaper-code ruling.

The greatest argument against him is the continuation and extension of unemployment. Hopkins admits twenty million on relief. Wage cuts increase and speed up reaches the point of torture. The monopolies grow and they expropriate small business. People have learned this fundamental lesson concerning Washington: that deeds, not promises, count.

The workers in steel, in auto, in transport take that stand. Their leaders may talk strike, may pound the pulpit and grow hoarse shouting imprecations at Richberg et al. The point is: will Bill Green and John L. go down and lead the picket line?

California Justice

THE County Court at Sacramento is having a grand time reading Communist literature. Parts of some 200 workers' pamphlets and documents have been read aloud. The jury listening was selected for its ignorance of economics, politics or history. William F. Hynes, Red Squad captain of Los Angeles, sits between the prosecutors as an "expert adviser." Reporters for the Hearst papers pass notes back and forth to Hynes and the prosecuting attorneys. One of the Hearst men, Gilbert Parker, is also a representative of Associated Farmers, Inc., the big growers' organization.

The trial has been going on for two weeks and this is all the "evidence" yet produced. In spite of the fight of Leo Gallagher, I.L.D. attorney, to exclude prejudiced jurymen, the prosecution, with its control over the talesmen, exhausted the challenges of the defense and installed rubber stamps. Neil McAllister, the District Attorney who was snowed under by workers' votes at the election last November, is retained as "special deputy Attorney General," by Attorney General U. S. Webb, because he knows the ins and outs of the frame-up.

Outside the courtroom are the Sacramento police, under Mittlestaedt, National Guard Colonel, and 500 vigilantes armed and drilling by the authority of City Manager Dean. Eastern tear gas firms have sent their agents to train police. The U. S. Army Division of Chemical Warfare also has a representative on the spot.

This is the atmosphere in which seventeen militant workers are being tried on four counts of the Criminal Syndicalism Act.

The issue is sharply joined in California between a powerful working class movement and the official stooges of the big interests, with press and radio departments issuing fascist propaganda by the bale. The story about "kidnaping the President" came from McAllister's propaganda mills. So did the recent rhodomontade about the "red invasion" of Sacramento. The frightened rulers are seeking convictions of from four to fifty-six years in the hope of smashing the Agricultural and Cannery Workers' Industrial Union. Ten of the defendants are union leaders, including Pat Chambers and Caroline Decker. California's whole economy depends finally on the profits of its great agricultural fields, and the bankers are with the big growers in trying to maintain starvation wages. But the Associated Farmers, Inc., the California Packing Corporation, the power interests, etc., have a bigger fight on their hands than they know. The majority of California's small farmers, small business men and salaried workers are in sympathy with the defendants. Hundreds of them donated money toward the $90,000 bail which the judge refused, on a technicality. In the big agricultural strikes of the past two years, which resulted in wage increases of 25 percent, 50,000 workers were involved. In one year the membership of the A.&C. W.I.U. increased by 22,000. The A.F. of L. can gain no control over these militant workers, who conduct their strikes by rank and file committees, and are wary of sell-outs. Back of these are the scores of thousands of workers who made the hair stand up on the heads of California capitalists by the general strike last July.

A number of the Sacramento defendants are desperately ill from prison conditions. If convictions are obtained against them, there will be a wave of mass arrests for criminal syndicalism up and down the coast. Mass pressure alone will win these cases. THE NEW MASSES suggests that all organizations, as well as their individual members, write letters at once to Neil McAllister, District Attorney Otis D. Babcock and Judge Dal M. Lemmon, County Court House, Sacramento, California, and to Governor Frank F. Merriam and Attorney General U. S. Webb, Capitol Building, Sacramento.

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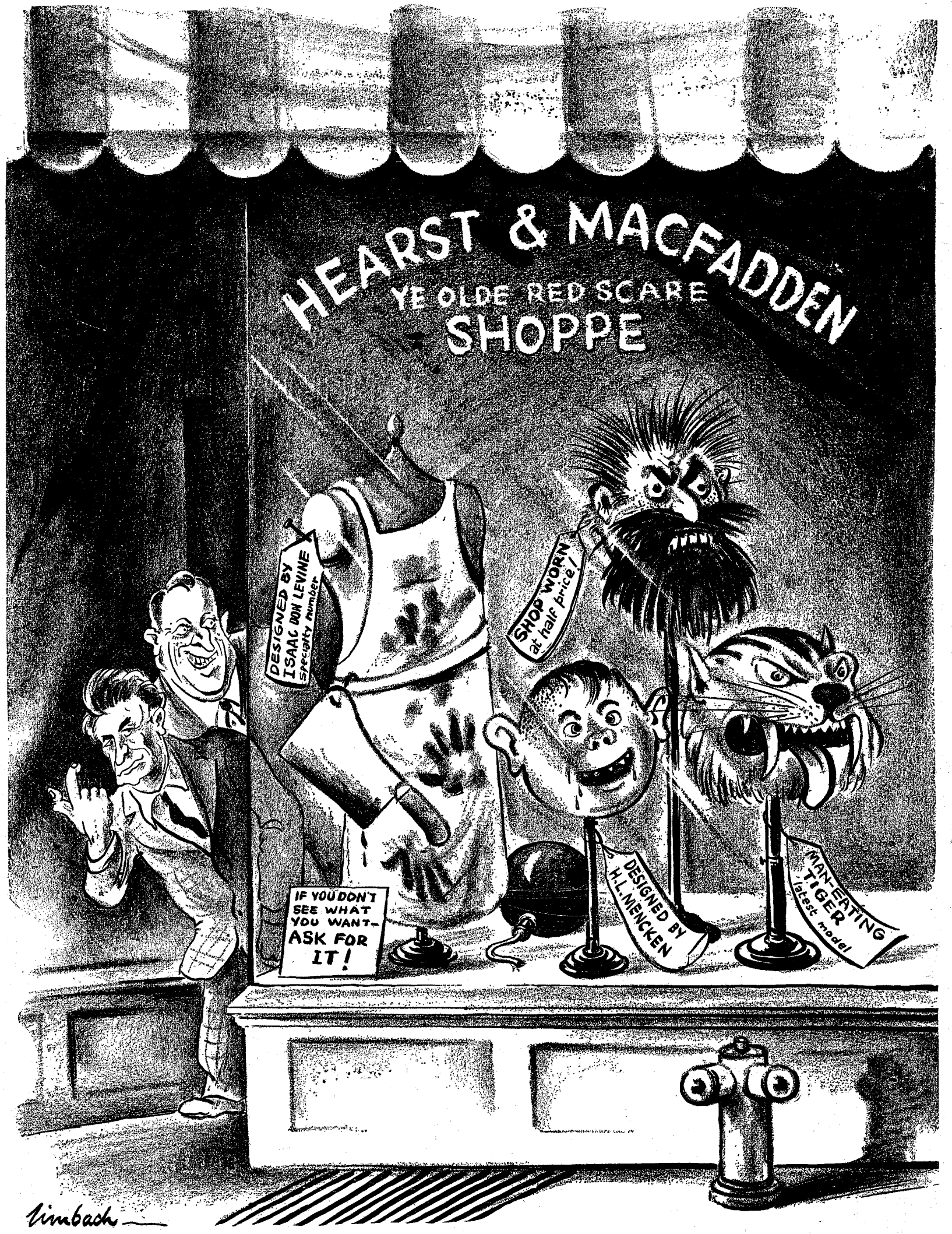

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A Prison in Russia

Soviet Penal Colony: 2300 Prisoners, 3 Guards

LESTER COHEN

WE WERE talking about Dzerzhinsky. Dzerzhinsky was the first head of the G.P.U. He was a man of unusual ideas. One of his ideas concerned the wild boys of the road. This is it:

> I wish to apply my personal efforts and, above all, the efforts of the Cheka, to looking after these homeless waifs. I have come to this conclusion on the basis of two considerations. First, their very existence is a terrible calamity. When you look at children you cannot help thinking that everything should be done for them. The fruits of the revolution are not for us, but for them. But how many of them have been wrecked by struggle and poverty! We must rush to their aid, just as if we saw them drowning. The Commissariat of Education alone cannot cope with this matter. The widest help from all Soviet bodies is needed. Under the Central Executive Committee we must establish a broad commission with representatives of all Commissariats and all organizations which can be useful in this matter. I have already discussed this with several people and should like to head this Commission. I want to include the apparatus of the Cheka in this work, which I am impelled to do for a second reason. Our apparatus works accurately. It has branches everywhere. People reckon with it. They are afraid of it. But even in such a matter as saving and feeding children, it is possible to find laxness and dishonesty. Since we are going over more and more to peaceful construction, why not use our fighting apparatus to combat such a calamity as homelessness among children?

That was Dzerzhinsky's statement in 1921. Russia was still in the saddle. The last hordes of the counter-revolution were being swept away.

And then reconstruction. And another idea of Dzerzhinsky. If the wild boys could be reconstituted—why not the wild people, the wild people of counter-revolution and crime?

There was a job for the G.P.U.! And the G.P.U. went to work, dragging the lost souls out of the lower depths, establishing them in colonies.

That much I gathered in Moscow. And then, accompanied by my wife and a few friends, I headed for Lubertze, the nearest G.P.U. colony, two hours out on the road to Kazan.

Lubertze is encircled by a wall. The wall is nine or ten feet high. It is two or three feet wide. It is made of brick and stone. The brick is red, the stone is gray. It rears up into watch-towers, turrets. It is all tricked out in childish designs. It is funny, it is medieval, it is monstrous.

There is an arched opening in the wall, its gate. Past that gate—the Penal Colony of Lubertze. No doors to the gate, no iron bars. Not a guard in sight. Straight ahead—a wide stretch of grass and trees, a few people going up and down.

We look about. To our right: a series of low structures built onto the wall. To our left, about a half mile away: modern apartment houses. And straight ahead, where the gravel paths converge: an old cathedral. evidently remade.

And every now and again: people, people in Russian blouses, going across the green.

Now our interpreter comes towards us. There is another man with him, a man I do not know.

"This man," our interpreter was saying, "is in charge of the Lubertze Commune."

The man smiled, lifted his hat to the ladies. He wore an ordinary pair of trousers, a Russian blouse, and a sort of yachtsman's cap. He was rather handsome, nose and lips thin, his gray eyes pleasant and reflective.

So this was a G.P.U. man.

"It's a rather hot day," he said. "You'll probably be more comfortable in the shade."

And smiling, he led the way to the benches under a clump of trees.

"And now," coming through the interpreter, "what can I do for you?"

I asked him to tell us about Lubertze.

"Lubertze," he said, "was founded in 1648. In those days it was a fortified town. Later on it became a monastery. The monks lived here until after the Revolution."

"And then?" "In 1927 we took the place over and started our colony here."

"How many of you?" "Eighty of us from the G.P.U."—"And how many others?" "Thirteen hundred."

"What were they?" "Beggars, murderers, thieves."—"Where did you get them?" "From the streets and police courts of Moscow."—"Why did you bring them here?" "Lots of space," he said, indicating the stretch of green, "lots of air and light. Dzerzhinsky had an idea you couldn't reconstitute men in prison, or under prison conditions."

"What's the first thing you did?"

"You see all this," he waved at the green, "all this was swamp. It has been swamp since the beginning of Lubertze. We decided to fill it in."

"Why?"

"That's what our people wanted to know. And we said: 'You are going to try to make yourselves a new life. And the first thing you should be certain of is your health. This swamp is full of mosquitoes, and mosquitoes carry malaria. Now the monks used to depend upon God to keep them from malaria. But you—,' It was almost as if the first of the Lubertze brigades were before him, and he speaking to them—' 'but you will have to depend upon our scientific knowledge. The only way to keep yourselves from malaria is to fill up that swamp.' "

"And then what?"

"Well, after we filled up the swamp, we had to have some place for the people to live."

"... in the summer ... it is very simple to take a man's watch." *Phil Bard*

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Wild Boys of the Road — *Phil Bard*

"Where were they living in the meantime?"

"Where the monks used to live." He pointed to the low structures built onto the old wall.

"If it was good enough for the monks, why wasn't it good enough for them?"

He smiled. "That's what they said, but our answer was: 'No, it is not good enough for you. You are going to be builders, you are going to help make a new society. You should have the best possible living conditions.'

"And so," he said, "we decided to build modern apartments." He pointed across the green, to the new buildings half a mile away. "There they are. Then we came to our great problem—how to be self-supporting. And so we decided to build shops, and to make simple things for which there would be an immediate market."

Now he told me about the Russia of those days, of the great shortage of material goods, of the huge population that was being educated and encouraged into new possessions and experiences. For instance, travel was being opened up to the Russian masses. There was a great demand for luggage. Cultural clubs were being organized, there was a demand for musical instruments. So the people of Lubertze went into the manufacture of musical instruments, luggage, furniture and toys.

"What is the average pay?" "About a hundred and fifty rubles a month."

This, I reflected, was the average pay of the Russian worker anywhere. "Do any get more than that?" "Yes, some get three or four hundred rubles a month, some even more. It depends, as it does all over Russia, on individual capability."

"Who decides this individual capability?" I wanted to know. "Suppose a man isn't much good at making one thing, and thinks he would be better at making another—what happens then?"

"He takes his case to the Work Commission. If the Work Commission can't handle it, it is referred to the Conflict Commission. If the Conflict Commission can't handle it, it is brought before the General Conference of the Commune, whose decision is final."

"All right," I said, "who elects these commissions?"

"The people of the Commune."—"Who is eligible for election?" "Any member of the Commune."—"Then the Commune is completely—?" "Self-governing. Self-government is the main principle of the Commune."—"Then what is the G.P.U. doing here?"

"That's what I want to know." He smiled. "There is no longer any need for us. We put in a recommendation that the G.P.U. leave the Commune, but the Commune asked us to stay in advisory capacity."

"All eighty of you?" "Oh, no." He touched his blond mustache. "There are only three of us now."—"Three of you," I repeated, "and thirteen hundred men?" "No," he said. "The Commune has grown. There are now twenty-three hundred—men, women and children."—"And only three G.P.U.?" He nodded, smiled.

I looked about at the great trees, the flower beds, the bird house with its encircling pigeons.

"Of course," he said, "we didn't have flower beds at the beginning. That came after the men felt they were really going to live here. And of course we didn't have pigeon houses. The pigeons," he added, "are carriers. They take messages back and forth to friends in Moscow. Strange, how people of the underworld fancy pigeons."

For a while we talked about this and that. Now and again one of the inmates went by, dressed in the usual Russian costume: trousers and embroidered blouse. As an inmate went by, the G.P.U. man would say, "Hello, Vassily." And the inmate would put his hand on the G.P.U. man's shoulder and say, "Hello, Sergei." And I would ask, nodding after the man who had gone along: "Who is that?"

"He used to be a murderer."—"And that one?" "A thief."—As I inquired about a third—"He was a counter-revolutionary, an engineer and very gifted. Most of our recent construction was under his direction."—"And now, when you have no more construction?" "He is the head of our Technological Institute."

Technological Institute! That was a little too rare. I wanted to get back to simple things. "Look here," I said, "you say the Commune has grown. How do you get new members?"

"Well," he said, "some of our boys go to Moscow for a holiday—"

"Go to Moscow for a holiday!"

"Yes, of course," he said. "We always have people going to Moscow for their rest days and holidays. It is what you would call a week-end. And when our people are in Moscow, they sometimes visit old friends in prison, or see them on the street. And they tell their friends about the life here. Sometimes they come back with a friend or two."

"Do you take everyone who wants to come in?"

"No, not everyone. We prefer young people, say, between sixteen and twenty-four, those not yet hardened to a life of crime. And we do not care for fancy criminals, absconders or embezzlers."

"What do you prefer?"

"Thieves. The murderer, for example, who killed in the case of a holdup. No psychopathic cases, they should go to hospitals."

"About these rest days," I persisted. "Are

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there people who just go away and don't come back?" "Yes, we have had a few like that." — "What do you do about them?" "Nothing. There is only one penalty for those who leave here before their time is up." —"What's that?"

"They can never come back."

I was silent for a moment. "How long do people have to stay?"

"That varies. No one is sentenced here. The understanding is that the man comes here and lives under the direction of the Commune until such time as he is deemed fit to take complete responsibility upon himself."

"How long does that take?"

"On the average, about four years. In some cases, six or seven. There are quite a number of cases where the Commune has decided, after two years, that a certain person is completely capable of facing life on his own."

"What happens then?"

"By that time, the man has a trade or profession. We arrange a job for him somewhere, usually in a far place, where no one knows him, or knows his past. And he goes there and takes up a completely new life."

"Can you tell me what some of these people are doing?"

"Yes. Some are doctors, some engineers, some are workers, a few have passed the officer examinations for the Red Army, some have applied for membership in the Communist Party and hold responsible Party positions."

"You will have to excuse me," I said. "It is hard trying to get this all at once. I am going around in circles, and now I would like to go back to the problem of the new arrival. Let's assume that some of your people have just come."

"We have quite a number," he said, "who have been here only two or three months."

"Do you have any trouble with them?"

"Yes, it always takes a while before they get to understand the nature of work. And thieves have a hard time understanding the idea of: This is mine and that is yours."

"Do you have any crime here?" "Once in a great while—petty thievery."—"How does it come about?" "Well, suppose a thief goes to Moscow—" "Excuse me," I said, "but on this going to Moscow, do you let them do that right away?" "No, not until they develop the ability to work. But as soon as the Commune is satisfied that any particular individual has the ability to work, he is given a passport, he has the right to go and come as he likes."

"All right," I said, "now let's go back to petty thievery."—"As I was saying, suppose a thief goes to Moscow. And suppose he meets a girl. Well, the next time he goes, he wants to wear nicer clothes. And suppose he is not a very good worker, and doesn't have a fine blouse. He simply takes a blouse from some other fellow."

"Do they steal just to show off to their lady friends?"

"Mostly."

"Now I play in our band." *Phil Bard*

We smiled, and then I started again. "Have you any other sort of crime here?" "Yes, we have drunkenness, there have been one or two cases of wife-beating, some lying and swearing."

"How do these cases come to your attention?" "They do not come directly to my attention. They are brought to the attention of one of the Commissions. Someone who doesn't like wife-beating, or swearing or lying, makes a complaint. Then all the people concerned are sent for, and the Commission hands down a decision."

"Suppose a man really means well, but has a bad habit, like drinking?" "If a man is drunk, it is quite evident that he has too much money. Therefore the Commission orders him to pay a fine into this fund or that." "What sort of fund?" "All the funds are for cultural work."

"You will excuse my going back again, but you said something about wife-beating. Do you have women here, women with criminal records?" "About one hundred and fifty."—"Is their status any different from that of the men?" "No different in any respect."

"Well, with regard to your cases of wife-beating. I take it that the marriages that occur in the Commune have been largely between the men and women who found themselves here to begin with."

"Mostly not. A thief goes to Moscow and meets a girl. A woman who was a shoplifter goes off on her week-end and meets a man."

"And then what?" "When they finally decide they want to be married, they appear before the Commission here." — "Who appears?" "The individual from the Commune and the individual from the outside."—"And then what happens?" "If the Commune decides that the individual here is responsible, it sanctions the marriage. Otherwise, it tells the applicant why it doesn't consider him responsible, and appeals to his sweetheart to help make him responsible, and assures them the marriage will take place as soon as the man is responsible."

"And the person who has married into the Commune lives here?" "Usually." — "And works here?" "Usually."—"How many married people have you?" "Right now, we are twenty-three hundred in all. Over five hundred families, over four hundred children. We have over four hundred people in cultural circles—"

"Meaning what?" "Meaning that they are studying painting and music." He gave me

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"Those of us who do not work in the shop are out in the community fields." *Phil Bard*

time to put it down. "We have one hundred and thirty in our Technological Institute." I took it down. "We have three bands and an orchestra. And seven members of the Commune are on indefinite leave, living and studying at the Moscow University."

I looked at him, and then looked aside, taking time out.

One of the members of the Commune came down the gravel path, stopped to exchange a few words with his friend who was here in advisory capacity. It was very evident that the G.P.U. man was telling the newcomer something about us. Then he turned to me.

"This is one of our people," he said. "Would you like to talk to him?" "Yes," I said, "if he doesn't mind talking to me."

This was relayed in Russian, and then the newcomer, with something of a blunt nod, folded his arms across his chest, and looked me in the eye. His attitude was that of a man who took on all comers.

"Ask him something," prompted the interpreter. And so I asked him: "Are you a member of the Commune?" "I am."—"Would you mind telling me what you were before you came here?" "A thief."

There was something about his taking-all-comers manner that was particularly amusing, so I inquired: "Were you a good thief?" "The best."—"What did you steal?" "It depends upon the season."—I looked him over. "Do you mean to tell me that crime is seasonable?" "Certainly."—"Will you explain that to me?" "Of course," he said. "Now that I am no longer anti-social, I am willing to explain anything to those who wish to understand."

"Well," I said, "kindly explain how crime is seasonable." "For example," said the thief, "do you know how Russia is in winter?" "No," I said, "I don't." "Russia," said the thief, "is so cold in the winter that everybody wears three overcoats, that is, if he has three overcoats." "What has that to do with it?" "How," said the thief, "how can you take a man's watch out of his pocket when he is wearing three overcoats?" "I do not know," I said. "How?" He shook his head. "It can't be done." We looked at each other. I felt I was getting the worst of this.

"But," said the thief, "have you any idea of how hot Russia is in the summer? Ai!" And his face seemed to blaze up with the heat. "It is so hot in the summer that all you can wear is pants and a blouse. Therefore it is very simple to take a man's watch out of his blouse."

"All right," I said, "what did you do in the winter?"—"In the winter," he said, "I was a house-breaker. In the winter, you have to wait until a man gets home, takes off his overcoats, goes to bed, and puts his watch on the table."

"All right," I said, "what did you do in the spring?" "In the spring," he said, "you know how Russia is in the spring." "No," I said, "how is it?" "In the spring, everybody in Russia is making love. The parks are full of people, the people are sitting on benches. And where do you think the woman is? She is leaning against her lover, and looking up into his eyes."

"And so?" "And so," says he, "it is a very simple matter to take her purse which is lying beside her on the bench. For that is one time when no woman thinks of her purse, when she is looking up into her lover's eyes."

I had enough of this fellow, I wasn't going to ask him about autumn. "Well," I said, "your former life was certainly much more exciting than this." "It certainly was," said the thief, and there was something of a rueful smile on his face.

"Do you miss that excitement?" "Excitement," he said, "is only part of the neurosis of crime." He looked at me rather brightly. "You know, we study crime here. We have been able to analyze what it was that made us thieves."

"What was it?"

"The pressure of economic circumstances."

We looked at each other. "Tell me," I

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said, "what do you think about stealing?" "In the old days," he replied, "I never saw anything wrong with it. Big thieves were plundering Russia, and little thieves were picking pockets and splitting with the police. The only thing wrong was being a little thief."

"And now?" "There is nothing so low as committing a crime against our new society. Don't you see," he was very earnest with me, "we are trying to build a whole new social scheme in which every human being will have a place in life. Only a foolish, depraved criminal would commit a crime against such a society."

"Tell me," I said, "have you learned a trade?" "Two trades." "I should say you have a sense of social responsibility. Why don't you apply for permanent leave, and go off some place to make yourself a new life?"

"Oh," he said, "I can do that any time I want." "And where are you going?" "I am not going anywhere."—"Why not?" "Because I want to stay here."—"Here?" I repeated. "Why here? I should think you would be glad of the opportunity to go out into the world."

"This," he said, indicating about him, "this has become the world to me. Look over there—" pointing, "I helped fill in that swamp." Again he pointed. "See that apartment, I built it. You see that—" he was indicating the old cathedral in the middle of the green, "that is my club. Right here in Lubertze, this is where I married my wife, and this is where my baby was born. Right over there—" indicating again, "is where he will go to school. No," he continued, "I do not want the opportunity to go new places and build a new life. This—" and his arms swept about, "is the whole world to me. This is where I learned how wonderful human beings can be.

"And I want to remain here. I expect to be a teacher, though I could neither read nor write before I came. I have prepared myself for it, I have received my certificate, and in a few weeks I shall be assigned to a class."

I looked at him. He was about forty-three, his hair cropped close, his rather ordinary face wrinkled and seamed, not only by what his life had been, but by the things he had thought. And his eyes, his pale, watery blue eyes, kept searching into mine.

"So you are going to be a teacher," I said.

"Yes, but not just in the class room. I want to give the victims of evil circumstance the sense of what they can be." Now he looked away. "You do not know," he said, "you do not know how it was in the old world, when we fell into uselessness and crime. None of us really liked it. We only did it because there was nothing else to do, and because there was no one to point any other way. Now we have a way, and there is so much to do. There are still boys out there who have not come back into society. And I want to stay here and teach them how."

There was nothing I could say. And he, man of many worlds, understood. And now, rather than my leading him on, he began to lead me.

"Perhaps you would like to see how I live," he said. "And there are some other things you should see."

And now he showed us the Colony.

His apartment had two rooms, bath and kitchenette. "Just like all the other married-people apartments," he said. The rooms still showed their newness. There were pictures, posters, books.

"Where's your wife?" "My wife works." "Does she have to?" "No, she could stay home. But she likes to work. She's in the main office." "Where's your baby?" "In the *kretch.*"

Kretch is the Russian word for day nursery, where working mothers leave their children. I wanted to see it. We crossed the campus to another new building. Besides nurseries, it had a doctor's office, baby-food kitchen, a kindergarten, and a playroom that looked like a playroom on an Atlantic liner. And nurses, nurses going back and forth from the various groups, the kids being grouped according to age. Some were sleeping, some eating, some being bathed, some at play — the cleanest, healthiest, happiest lot of babies I ever saw. And that's all babies need to be. So there's nothing to go on about.

But we went on, to the shops, the museum, the theatre. A few facts about them: The shops are airy and light. People work unhurriedly, sometimes they sing.

The museum has two parts: past and present. The museum of the past shows the people of Lubertze exactly as they were: Rogues' Gallery portraits, burglar tools, pistols, knives, brass knuckles. Beneath each weapon is its history, the various crimes in which it participated, how it came to be here.

The museum of the present has photographs of the Colony in construction: the first shovel brigade filling in the swamp, the gallows crew carrying hod, the roofing of the *kretch,* the first member of the Commune to "graduate" into the outside world, letters from old graduates telling of their new lives. And tools, the new tools, the picks, hammers, shovels with which all this was built. And the shop tools with which the daily production is turned out. And then, prominently displayed as the crowning glories of the gallery: samples of production—shiny balalaikas of all sizes, pyramids of red and yellow suitcases, building blocks for babies, guitars, accordions, kitchen tables, chairs. And flying overhead, their broad stripes furling out like flags—production charts showing how much the Lubertze Commune turned out the first year, how much the second, third, fourth. And in each instance: more, more, more!

We went on—this time to the theatre, trooping up the lobby, past the cloak-room, into the lofty, wide lanes of promenade. I never saw such a promenade, never saw its like in measured dignity or size.

Now someone turned on the lights up ahead, we passed down the theatre aisle, into a house somewhat reminiscent of the Empire in New York City. But this house had dignity. No rococo, no gilded fudge, the very walls striking at the proscenium in straight dramatic line.

"Let's go backstage." My wife speaking.

And so we went backstage, looked about, stared at each other—dumbstruck. Finally I said: "Eden, did you ever see such a stage?"

"No." Her voice was flat, angry, choked up. In her years in the professional theatre of America, she had seen no such stage, no such stage as they had in the Penal Colony of Lubertze, no such stage that was three revolving stages in one.

And we went on, passed down the long corridor that led to a number of schoolrooms, reading rooms, recreation rooms. As we came to the last of these, we heard music, the music of an accordion. And now our guide opened a set of folding doors. The music swelled out, halting us at the threshold. And looking straight ahead, we saw a young man of perhaps twenty, seated in a chair, cradling an accordion on his knees. A great shock of black hair hung down over his face, his sharp chin jutting down at the accordion. And beneath all, his feet—bare feet.

I had never seen such feet. Only the toes upon the floor, those toes blunt, blunt and digging down, like tiger paws gathering before the spring. And the sense that that accordion was being kicked and surged into song by those feet.

It was only afterwards that I understood the song and surge of those feet, after they told me that this had been one of the wild boys of the road. For years he had tramped up and down Russia, running away from the various ravaging armies, hiding out in underworld hells, living some strange beast-like life —always wanting, wanting just one thing, something that had to do with song, something that was like the crying gypsy melodies of his childhood before his wandering people were slain.

Now, in crude, angry upwelling, he ripped out the end of his song. We burst into applause, walked over to him, told him he was—

But no, he said. He was very crude, very bad, he had never played before coming here. I asked him how it came about.

"I was in the musical instrument shop," he said, "and I made accordions." He picked up his instrument. "This is one of the accordions I made. Then one day I tried to play, and one of my friends helped me and taught me."

"And now?" I said.

"Now I play in our band." He was very simple about it, very happy. "Sometimes they ask me to play by myself. Soon we will have a musical evening, and I am to give most of the concert."

For a moment there was nothing to say. Then: "Would you let me play for you?"

"Of course."

And so he played — Rimski-Korsakov, Tschaikowsky, Chopin, Liszt.

But I don't know, I wanted something else.

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This was Russia, and I was a tourist, so that when he was about to take off again—

"How about the *Volga Boat Song,* or *Otchi Tchorniya?*"

He was a little surprised, it was almost as if he expected better of me. "I don't play that sort of thing," he said, "it isn't the music I care for."

"It's the music of the people," I replied. "Good, strong songs that come out of the way people live, the way they feel."

"That's all right for the old world, it's all right for those who like it." Again he shook his head. "But not for me. I want to bring classic music to the people. That's something they've never had before." And he smiled to me, and our little difference melted away.

"But say," he said, "you've had enough music, how about some art? There's a friend of mine who draws."

And now, winding up the stairs, up the stairs to the sixth or seventh floor of the same building that housed the theatre and the recreation rooms. We entered a large studio. Straight ahead, across the room—a wall of glass, the north light. More or less in the middle of the room—a young man working at an easel. The wall to the left and the wall to the right covered with pictures.

Nothing to be said, nothing to be explained. Those two walls told a story. On the left were scenes from what this young man's life had been: a ragged, unkempt, stark-eyed child . . . now here he was with a band of other wild boys . . . here he was a little older, some Fagin teaching him to steal . . . now the same Fagin, as fence, examining the stolen goods . . . and here the wild boys, dicing away the gain . . .

On the wall to the right was his new life . . . a funny sketch of himself after they cleaned him up . . . a scene in the musical instrument shop, he and his friends, one or two sitting on the benches, their legs folded under them as they put together the balalaikas . . .

There were sketches of criminals as they first appeared at the Commune: the murderer, the thief, the whore—then these same people: the musical instrument maker, the student, the engineer.

There were also sketches of flowers, sketches of people as they read or played chess, sketches of the miles of green fields that you could see out of the window, and the infinitely winding Moscow River describing silver arcs through the green.

For some reason I was very serious, but the young artist could hardly suppress his smiles. I told the interpreter to ask him what was so funny.

"Something I can't tell you about, something you should see, something you would never suspect."

And now he led the way down the corridor, up another stair, to an apartment shared by two men. There were lace curtains, plush hangings, a silk comforter on the bed.

The artist waved at the two fellows in the apartment, and when he could stop laughing, managed to say: "They went to Moscow last week-end, and brought all this back with them. Now even Lubertze — has its bourgeoisie."

We all laughed, even the two fellows that had nothing better to do with their money than go back to 1880.

And now they asked us to tea. And the tea dawdled into dinner, a dinner served in one of the dining halls of the remade cathedral. And here on the fourth or fifth floor, looking out the great stretch of glass in the remodelled wall, we had the same dinner that was being served to hundreds of others: cabbage soup, a large veal steak, vegetables and potatoes, two sorts of bread, butter and jam, new pickles, salad, dessert, tea.

It was very good, and I said so.

"Why shouldn't it be?" one of them replied. "It's fresh from our own farm. These vegetables were picked this morning. You see, those of us who do not work in the shops are out in the community fields."

And now they began to ask us questions: Were there any such places in America? What became of the people who got lost? Did we still have unemployment? What were we going to do about it? What did the American worker have to look forward to?

I told them.

And now we remembered appointments in Moscow, we had to go.

As we left Lubertze, the train was pulling in. It was on a single track, a spur from the main line. Two or three hundred people got off the train, came traipsing over the campus, waving to their friends.

They were the people of Lubertze who had been off to Moscow for the week-end.

"Anarchy" in Arkansas

HAROLD PREECE

THE "best people" of this state now have something else to consider beside the genealogy of monkeys. Once upon a time, the Negroes and "poor white trash" could be counted upon to expend their energies in pointless discussions of rustic theology. But almost overnight these genuinely American proletarians have found a new topic: hatred of the landlord. They have no time to consider the vagaries of creed when not a solitary razorback ham is left in the smokehouse. They are in no mood for disputations regarding race while both white and Negro share-croppers are so perilously near to starvation. Enduring a lean winter, with the edible crops destroyed by the sweltering drouth of last summer, these supposedly ignorant agrarians are learning the lesson of struggle.

Roughly-shod men and women gather on the porches of the rickety cabins to discuss in homely vernacular the ruinous farm policy of the Roosevelt administration. "Home-kyored" tobacco is passed from hand to hand, and wholesome imprecations are made against an economic system which is pauperizing a perpetually impoverished group. This recent awakening is crystallized in the Southern Tenant Farmers Union, which spreads like a web over the hills and the deltas. At Marked Tree, in Poinsett County, the rebellious mood is dramatized in the trial of Ward H. Rodgers, young F.E.R.A. school teacher, accused of "anarchy."

The educational authorities of Arkansas made the costly mistake of sending young Rodgers, already leaning toward radicalism, to Tyronza. Tyronza, a modest little village, has been the center of struggle for the share-croppers. From this tiny town, just beginning to break through its thick crust of prejudice, the Southern Tenant Farmers Union directs its semi-underground activities. But certainly from the standpoint of E. B. Matthew, state vocational education director, Rodgers' recommendations were unimpeachable. He was an ordained Methodist minister; he had graduated from two such conservative institutions as Vanderbilt University and Boston Seminary. The Federal Teachers' Training Center at Austin, Texas, had recommended him as a young man of unblemished character and patriotism. Perhaps the authorities thought that Rodgers would be just the fellow to pour oil on the troubled waters of the St. Francis River. It rather appears, however, that he is the angel who troubled the waters.

At first, the share-croppers of Poinsett County were suspicious of Rodgers. These "government men" had too often made glib promises which materialized into harrying realities. In the spring, a government man had told them that they could make more money by plowing up their cotton instead of marketing it. The share-croppers scratched their heads rather dubiously, but thought it might be best to comply, especially since the landlords agreed with "the furriner from up around Washington." In the fall, with their

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pockets empty from the plow-up, another government man knocked on their doors and told them to kill their cattle. When Rodgers, the government schoolmaster came, their pockets and smokehouses were both empty. "Maybe Roosevelt has sent him here so that he'll learn us to live without eatin'," one grizzled old tenant remarked when the town's latest arrival was being discussed.

Now the share-croppers of Poinsett County say that the only good the government ever did was to send them Warren Rodgers. The young professor taught his wretched pupils, casual laborers and tenant farmers, more than the conventional "three R's" of the ordinary school. He told them that the world must be changed, and could be changed, only by "plain folks" like themselves. Every day when classes were dismissed, the pupils clustered about Rodgers asking him questions, and appealing for his advice regarding their personal problems.

The Central Council of the Union came to Rodgers asking him to undertake an educational program for the development of its members. Intellectuals at Memphis, forty-two miles away, contributed copies of such magazines as THE NEW MASSES, The New Republic, The Nation, The American Mercury, Common Sense and The World Tomorrow. From one to another, these magazines were circulated until they were worn to tatters. Certainly the eagerness of these exploited share-croppers for reading matter confutes the sacrosanct attitude that Southern workers want to be ignorant. Upon Rodgers' suggestion, some article or pamphlet was read at each separate meeting of the twenty Community Councils in the county.

Then came the incident which led to the conviction of Rodgers, an incident whose setting indicated a determined effort by the planters to destroy the Union.

The Bankhead act has meant to the share-cropper the loss of even his mean security as a serf. Once the cropper was a part of the land; but now the land, owned by an hereditary caste, is beginning to disgorge him. As the acreage has decreased, so has the number of tenants. The evicted families have simply exchanged the misery of plantation shacks for the misery of shacks in the slums of Little Rock and Hot Springs. Prohibited from selling their cotton in the competitive markets, because of the gin-tax, the remaining share-croppers have been forced to give the product to the landlords as part payment on fantastically large debts. The C.K.K.K. (Cotton Ku Klux Klan), a terrorist organization of the planters, intimidates tenants who refuse to move, or tenants who refuse to turn over their cotton. A legislature of jack-leg lawyers and thieving planters makes only the most niggardly appropriations for relief. Conversely, thousands are being dropped from relief rolls at a time when the state is becoming increasingly a huge poor-farm. As poverty grows, the dispossessed become more restless.

A few weeks before the arrest of Rodgers, the landlords staged a county-wide raid on the Union. Undoubtedly, their action was planned to crush the state-wide organization by destroying its center at Tyronza. L. M. Mills, the organizer, with three other white and Negro workers of the community were convicted of "interfering with labor" and fined one hundred dollars each. Lacking money for bail, they must remain imprisoned until their case is decided on appeal. R. L. Butler, Negro school teacher, A. R. Brookins, Negro preacher and T. F. Schultz, white relief worker, were jailed at Marked Tree.

But the Union could not be killed, even though the leaders suffer in bat-infested calabooses. The local councils of Poinsett County continued to function, and even more members were recruited throughout the state. A delegation was sent to a national convention of agricultural workers in Washington. Ward Rodgers acted as chairman of the meeting which heard the report of the returning delegates. For his militant remarks he was charged with "anarchy, acts of intimidation, conspiracy to usurp the government, and using profane and abusive language." All of these except the last are based on legislative enactments dating back to the Reconstruction period: None of them but the last is ever invoked except in case of labor conflicts.

Deputy Prosecutor Fred H. Stafford proved himself to be a soul-mate of Fred Katzmann, who prosecuted Sacco and Vanzetti. Appealing to the sectional prejudice of the Arkansas population, Planters' Prosecutor Stafford excoriated Rodgers as an "outsider." Damning indictment to the biased jurors, Stafford accused Rodgers of calling Negroes "mister." "I wouldn't want to associate with such a man," Stafford thundered in his best campaign manner.

"He wouldn't want to associate with you," a cropper in the audience shouted.

The obliging jury of planters and petty tradesmen found Rodgers guilty of "anarchy," sentencing him to six months in jail and a fine of five hundred dollars. As protests began to arrive from over the country, Stafford quickly persuaded Justice J. C. McCrory to nolle prosse the other charges. Fearing a mass demonstration on the part of the croppers, the authorities whisked Rodgers away to Harrisburg in another county. There he remained in jail until liberal sympathizers posted a bond of one thousand dollars pending appeal of his sentence.

The Southern Tenant Farmers' Union has taken another appeal—to the masses. It is supported by the Share Croppers' Union, the International Labor Defense and the American Civil Liberties Union. Commonwealth College at Mena, Arkansas, is supporting the Union unreservedly, and has already dispatched a delegation to Marked Tree. Meanwhile, Rodgers has been dropped from the list of Federal teachers in Arkansas.

The Agricultural Adjustment Administration is attempting to placate the workers and also to muffle any protest action in behalf of the young school teacher. Mrs. Mary Connor Myers, attorney for the A.A.A., "observed" the trial of Rodgers, but naturally made no effort to assist in his defense. Following his conviction, she issued a sanctimonious report which pitied the under-dog and promised an investigation.

As a grandiloquent gesture, the Department of Agriculture has notified Hiram Norcross, wealthy Poinsett County planter, that it will pay no more money on his crop reduction contract until certain charges filed against him are settled. Norcross is attempting to evict twenty-five families for belonging to the Southern Tenant Farmers Union. Section 7 of the Bankhead Act provides that tenure of all share-croppers is secure unless they become "a nuisance or a menace." One does not need much imagination to guess the decision of the Arkansas Supreme Court upon these charges. Nor is Planter Norcross likely to suffer while waiting for the rest of his payments.

The share-croppers of Arkansas have proved their ability to surmount race prejudice and are building an unbreakable front. Moreover, the predominantly white organization in Arkansas is learning gladly from the predominantly Negro Share Croppers Union of Alabama. The two groups have agreed upon a joint program of action, and will be found standing solidly together at the head of every agrarian struggle. In 1919 at Elaine, Arkansas, the misled white croppers were mobilized against the Negroes. Today the Share Croppers Union' and now the Southern Tenant Farmers Union, asserts the need for complete unity of the Southern working class. White workers and black workers join hands to build the future, while the planters quake in their high, mud-proof boots.

GREAT GLORY

This great glory cannot be masked
so tell them a nursery tale:
nine boys in a shell hole
conquered, black and purple,
eyes popping to above—
the feet and mangled torso
of a yankee sentinel,
his face is somewhere
in a tree
grinning up at his god. . . .

WITH US

Ever with us, you who have smothered
last breath into the earth.
You are in this plant, this brick,
you are building things.
Atoms of you churn in the mortar,
spirit of you makes us go higher swift.
In wheat you are; and your breath
bursts open the stark cotton pod.

Somewhere threads of your words
are weaving a laborer's shirt.
In the morning he will put you on—
go help him at his work.

MARTHA MILLET.

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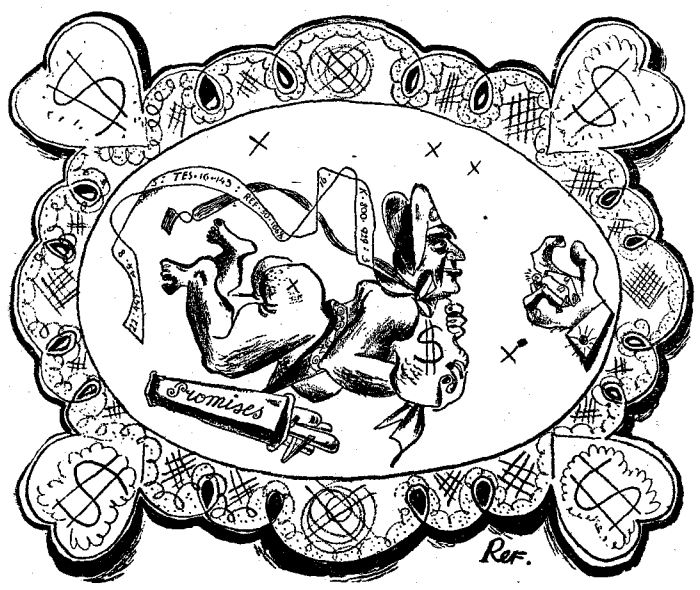
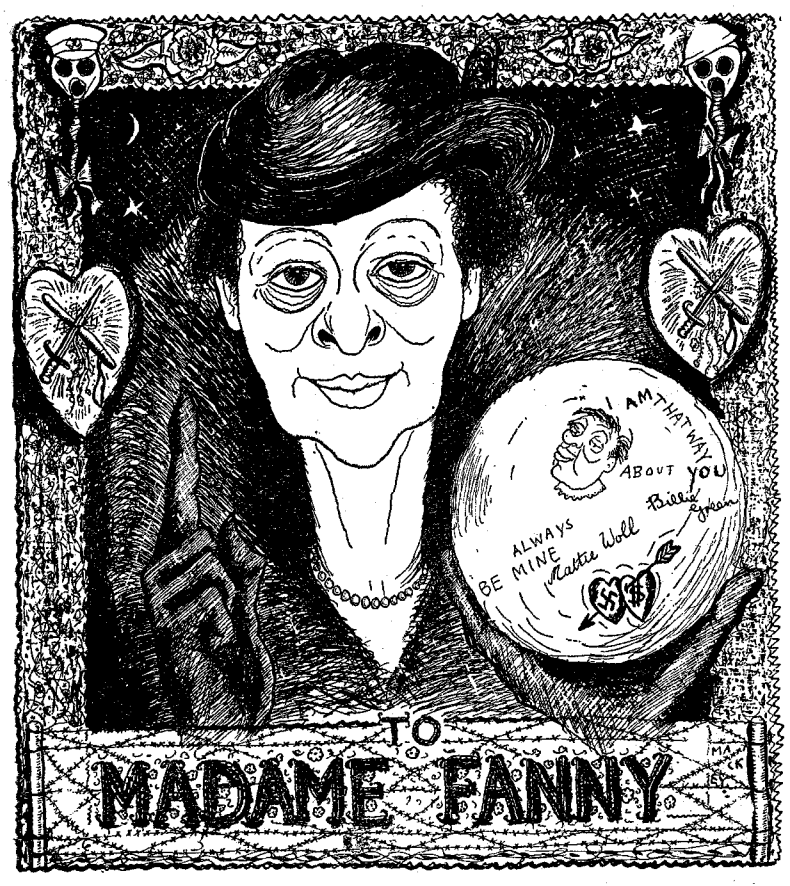


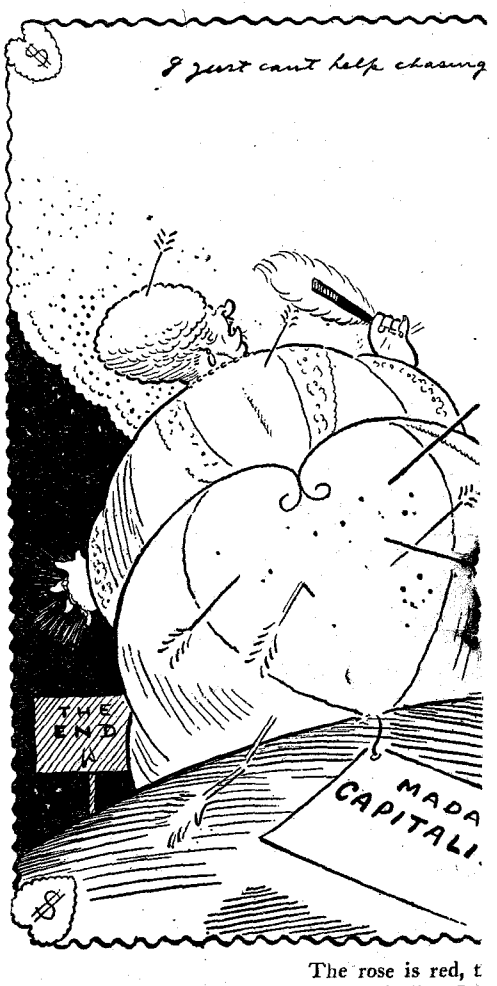
Oh La Guardia, oh don't you play with me,
For you're off to gyp the people
With a sales tax on your knee.

Mencken, Mencke
What a queer v
After years of ce
You have joined

While Morgan watched his lambs at night
All seated on the ground
The Angel, F. D. R. came down
And passed the kale around.



You tell us you're honest,
you tell us you're free
You tell us your judgment
is true
But we always get stuck
with a sellout
Whenever we're dealing
with you.



The rose is red, t
Oh Capitalism I l
I love your form,
And your old hea

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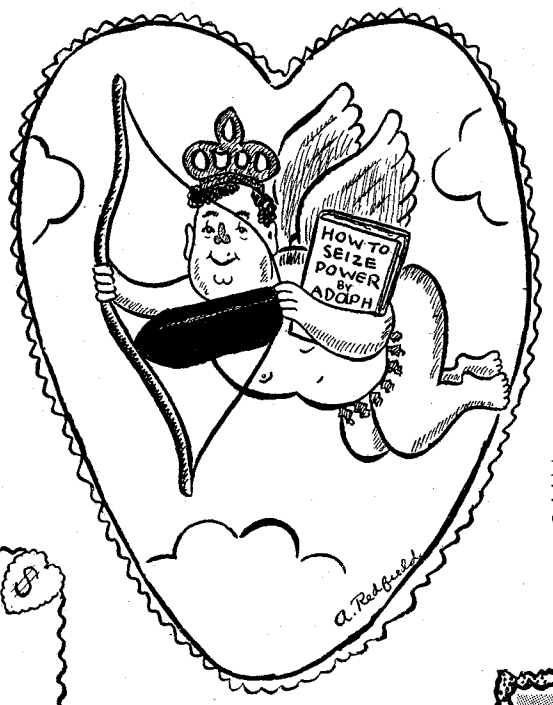
en I been thinkin'
vorld this must be,
:rebration
the booboisie.

Hearst in War, Hearst in Peace
Hearst in every news release
Spreads his hate and desolation
To improve his circulation.



Black eyes do not a statesman make
Nor does big talk conceal a fake.
Oh Huey when Louisiana
Cans you we will cry Hosanna!

he violet's blue
ove you.
I love your face
rt's in the right place.

O Father, dear Father come
back with me now
For you're slopping all over
the place
You said you were coming
straight back to the
church
As soon as you shot off your
face.

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Minority Peoples in Two Worlds

LANGSTON HUGHES

IN THE SOUTH, two years ago, a well-known Negro woman, a teacher, was severely injured in an automobile wreck when her car turned over, throwing the passengers into a field beside a country road. The teacher's name was Juliette Derricotte. She was motoring with three students from Fisk University in Nashville, where she was Dean of Women, to the home of her parents in the state of Georgia. Suddenly an approaching car, in order to pass a slower vehicle, swerved toward the centre of the road. Miss Derricotte, to avoid a collision, turned quickly to the side of the highway. Her wheels sank into a ditch, and her car turned over. The Negro teacher and the three students accompanying her were all badly injured. Passing motorists carried them into the nearest town, a small southern farming centre. Here the white hospital refused point blank to give treatment to Negroes, so the bruised and bleeding victims were not admitted. Instead, they were taken to the house of a poor black woman of the town and there white doctors gave them attention, without the necessary instruments and anaesthetics that the hospital could have furnished.

Three of them were suffering intensely, but the least injured of the four, a young student, was able to find a telephone. He called the nearest city in which a Negro hospital was located, and asked that an ambulance be sent for them. Late in the night the ambulance arrived, but on the way to the distant Negro hospital Juliette Derricotte, the teacher, died. Thus one of the most brilliant of our younger colored women was lost to America. Had not a white hospital refused to treat black people—even in so grave an emergency as this automobile accident—her life might have been saved.

That same day in Birmingham, Alabama, another young teacher, a man but recently graduated from Hampton Institute, was beaten to death by a white mob, lynched in broad daylight in the streets of a big city.

That week-end I was lecturing at Hampton, one of the largest and best known of the schools for Negroes in the South. The students there, learning of the circumstances of Juliette Derricotte's death and of the lynching in Birmingham, were full of grief and anger—one of the finest Negro teachers refused treatment in a white village hospital, and one of their own graduates beaten to death.

"We will organize a protest meeting," said the students. "Not even dogs would be treated like that."

So a committee was formed and plans were made. I was asked to help with the organization, to speak at the protest meeting, and to aid in formulating telegrams to the newspapers. But word of the students' plans soon reached the faculty, and when we met in the evening for a final talk, a representative of the President's office was there. This Negro teacher immediately began to throw cold water on the students' plans. He said that perhaps the newspaper reports of Miss Derricotte's death were not true. That the students should wait and investigate first. That even if the reports were true, the students could go quietly about writing a letter of condolence to the parents of the victims, and not hold an open protest meeting.

"Hampton," he said, "never protests. That is not our kind of a word. We go slowly and carefully and investigate."

When this teacher had finished speaking, the students were afraid to go ahead with their plans for a protest meeting. They knew that they would surely be expelled from school. They knew that it would be difficult for them to get into other schools. They would be blacklisted as agitators. That had happened at Hampton before when there had been a student strike against oppressive and inhuman rules concerning campus life. So now, almost without argument, the students abandoned the idea of having a meeting. One or two of them were bitter and defiant, but the rest were afraid—so the meeting was not held. A teacher for whom the word *protest* was too strong, had killed the spontaneous and healthy desire of his students to speak against a land that lets injured Negroes die before it will open its white hospitals to them, and that lets mobs beat black men to death in the streets.

Another famous industrial school for Negroes, Tuskegee, in Alabama (founded by Booker T. Washington) has an endowment of over a million dollars gained by begging from rich white folks. Here the president and all the teachers are Negroes—yet there is on the grounds of Tuskegee a guest house where black people may not eat or sleep! This guest house is for white visitors only. Against this the teachers say nothing. But this indicates to what an extent philanthropy has bought the pride and manhood of the "intellectuals" of the black South. Behold how the education of Negro youth is controlled and demeaned by capitalist charity!

And with these charity dollars go preachers and prayers and hymns. Most of the presidents of the Southern Negro schools are ministers, and a large part of the education is religious. Many harmless amusements are forbidden the students on religious grounds. A rigorous and unnatural separation is enforced between boys and girls. Modern and scientific attitudes of study are discouraged. A mid-Victorian atmosphere prevails.

The reason, of course, for the prevalence of these Negro philanthropic schools and colleges is this: The free public school system in the south extends only partially to Negroes. Throughout this section laws separate Negroes from whites in all public places —trains, street cars, theatres, hospitals, and schools. Most southern cities have excellent school buildings for whites, but small and inadequate shacks for Negroes, with oft-times no institutions of higher learning for them at all. For example, the average annual expenditure per child of school age in Alabama is as follows: For white children, $23.57; for Negro children $3.81. A startling difference! In South Carolina the state spends for each white child an average of $27.88 per school year; but on each Negro child only $2.74 is spent. (Scott Nearing's *Black America.*) With such discriminatory odds against him, the Negro child has a difficult time getting an education. Thus, without the religious philanthropic schools, in many localities Negro children would remain utterly illiterate.

In Soviet Asia

In Kazakstan and Turkestan, before the Revolution when they were colonies of czarist Russia, the native children were utterly illiterate. Conditions were even worse there than they are now in Alabama. In Asia the czar supplied no schools for the education of the conquered peoples. And in the cells of the established Mohammedan *medresses* practically nothing except religion was taught, the Koran being the main text book. Even this meagre knowledge was open only to boys and men, not to girls and women.

Now, of course, in Soviet Central Asia all that is changed. The world knows of this change. But the surprising thing to a visitor from abroad, coming to Uzbekistan or Turkmenia, is the rapidity with which this change has been brought about. In less than ten years a new system of education has been introduced—and not only introduced but put into amazing working order. Teachers have been developed; students have been graduated; and illiteracy, not only of children but of adults, has been greatly reduced. The cells of the *medresses* are empty, and the schools of the state are overcrowded. New books in a new alphabet have come into being. Already, to the youth today, Allah is only a legend, and the Koran is forgotten. Marx, Lenin, Stalin, chemistry, economics,

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mathematics, scientific agriculture, electricity, and hygiene are the new realities to millions who once knew only the sleepy teachings of the priestcraft.

"How have you done this?" I asked in wonder when I visited the offices of the Commissariat of Education in Ashkhabad, capital of the Turkomen Soviet Socialist Republic in the heart of Asia. "How in so short a time have you developed this new Soviet educational system, created teachers, built schools, and taught thousands of students, awakening the minds of the masses?"

They told me how it had been done. It had not been easy—building this path to education in a region where illiteracy had been so great. But in the early years many teachers came down from Russia to help. Bright young Turkomen workers were chosen and sent away to normal schools in Russia with all expenses paid. They returned bringing new light. Textbooks were translated from the Russian and other languages. New texts were written in the Turkomen tongue. Sometimes they were copied by hand when printing processes were unavailable. Students taught one another, taught their parents, taught the peasants and workers. There was a comradely exchange of knowledge. What would have been a tremendously hard task was made easier by the great eagerness of the people to learn—the hunger for knowledge that czarism had starved. Thousands of new books, magazines, and newspapers in the national languages, but in the new universal Latin alphabet, were published, thus encouraging the desire to read. And now in 1934 in Turkmenia, this once most backward of the czarist colonies, there are 6,100 teachers (85 percent of them native people) and 75,000 pupils and students!

This information came to me from a group of officials in the Turkomen Narcompros (Commissariat of Education)—a group that included Turkomen, Russian, Tartar, and Tyurk nationalities—all working for the common aim of enlightening the masses. Each man spoke to me with great enthusiasm of his work, one telling of the creation of text books, another of the village schools, another of the kindergartens, another of the theatres and art classes. I was told how teachers study in summer and are paid while studying. (And I thought of America where many teachers have not been paid at all for months.) I was told of the excursions and rest homes provided for educational workers in Turkmenia. I was told, too, how children here in Soviet Asia stay in school during the cotton gathering season. (And I contrasted in my mind Alabama where school bells may ring—but black children remain in the fields when cotton needs picking.) I was told how at present seven years' schooling is required for all Turkomen children but that, beginning next year, ten years will be the minimum. And I was told that the struggle now is for *quality* in teaching and that all forces are being pushed toward that end—since the broad basis of education is already established. Today the task is to make education as excellent as possible.

During the weeks that followed, I visited nearly all of the scholastic institutions of Ashkhabad and several of the surrounding villages. I was under the guidance of a most enthusiastic Soviet teacher and MOPR worker, Comrade Stephan, a political exile many years ago from Belgium, who now teaches in one of the large seven-year schools at Ashkhabad. Every morning before his teaching duties began, Comrade Stephan would call at the *Dom Sovietov* for me to go visit with him a school, a museum, a library, or a factory.

I met many teachers and students and had a chance to talk to them. How different, I discovered, was the Soviet students' attitude from that of the American student. At home, with most students, football and other sports occupy a leading place in their conversations. In Turkmenia, students held passionate conversations about the progress of life under the First Five-Year Plan, the growth of literature under the Soviets, the plans of the imperialists beyond the borders. Here in a remote corner of Asia, I found young people asking intelligent and penetrating questions about happenings in France, Cuba, Mexico, and other countries where I had been.

And everywhere in Ashkhabad there are schools—an amazing number! There are schools for Turkomen children, for Farci children, for Russian children, with the teaching in each case in their own language. There are high schools. There are colleges of pedagogy, commerce, science, transport, veterinary treatment. There are special research institutes, with laboratories of bacteriology, mineralogy and botany for graduate students. There is a library school every summer for village librarians held under the guidance of the Turkomen Central Library. And besides all these, there are night schools for workers, schools in clubs, schools in the Red Army barracks, and schools in factories. For instance, attached to the Eighth of March Silk Mill there is not only a seven-year school, but a silk high school, a liquidation of illiteracy school for grown-ups, and a Communist Party school for candidates to the Party. Children and adults all go to school. All this, mind you, in the comparatively small city of Ashkhabad in the heart of the Turkmenian desert north of Persia where once, under the czar, Turkomens were not even allowed on certain streets of the towns, let alone in the classrooms of the Russian schools; and as recently as 1920 not more than 1 percent of the whole country's population could read or write!

But now the masses are making up for lost time. Even in the dusty little villages of the desert, new school buildings are being built, larger and better than the small ones that served in the early years immediately after the Revolution. To these rural schools will come new young Turkomen teachers from the normal schools at Ashkhabad; some even from the larger institutions at Tashkent; and others who have been to far-away Moscow for their education. The light of learning is pouring in an intense blaze over Soviet Asia. Turkmenia welcomes this light with open arms.

I spent a day at the First Turkomen Normal School at Kishi. This is attached to a modern combinat containing within itself all grades from kindergarten through the normal courses. It is located in a sandy plain a short distance from the city of Oshkhabad. On one side the desert stretches away to the horizon, and on the other the mountains rise like a wall. Beyond is Persia.

The Director of the First Turkomen Normal School is a political immigrant from Persia. There he was a shoemaker. Here he has under his guidance three hundred and fifty students and thirty-eight teachers. He received his training at the Communist University in Tashkent. He is a dark, firm man who impresses one well. He did not talk a great deal, but he showed me through the wide halls and well-lighted class rooms of the main normal building—and what I saw was better than words, I saw the splendidly equipped laboratories, the museum of biological and geological specimens and charts, and the room where the live animals for student study are kept: white rats, turtles, frogs, and fish, and great lizards that swell their bodies with air to ferocious size. I listened to some of the classes being conducted. I remarked on the various nationalities among both teachers and students. The students were largely local Turkomen, Farci, Beluchi, and Berberi, but there were a few Russians, some Tartars and Armenians. The teachers were Russian, Turkomen and Farci. Among them were five women, one an assistant professor. This is a remarkable thing in a land where a decade ago women neither taught nor received teaching.

I was interested in the social origin of the students. The greatest number, the director explained to me, are from poor peasant parentage, one hundred and forty-one in actual figures. Sixty-six are from the kolkhozes, forty-six are workers, twenty-nine are from the militia, and the rest are from hired farm labour and small proprietor stock. One hundred and twenty-six students are Young Communists, and thirty-seven are either in the Party proper, or are candidates for membership.

The students who gathered to greet me were interested in learning of student life in America. I spoke to them in English, which Comrade Stephen translated into Russian, which was then re-translated into Turkomen. But even with these double translations we succeeded in effecting some interesting exchanges of background and opinion. I told them of the difficulties for poor students, especially of minority groups in America. And they in turn told me of their new life and gave me their revolutionary greetings to carry back to the proletarian youth in the United States who still live under capitalism, and to the Negro students caught in the tangled web of philanthropy and oppression.

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But the little children of the seven-year school to whom I spoke later were not satisfied with sending mere verbal greetings so far away as America. When they gathered in the open yard in the sunshine about the steps of their building, they brought with them a beautiful wall newspaper that they had made themselves in the Turkomen language for me to carry back to the Young Pioneers of America.

I shall not soon forget that sea of little faces below me as I stood on the steps—yellow, brown, white faces of these children of the Turkomen Socialist Soviet Republic as represented in this school on the edge of the desert. I shall never forget the eager questions that they put to me for more than an hour about life in those utterly different lands abroad where workers' children may suffer hunger and cold and lack of schooling, while other children have everything. How can there be enough food, and yet all people do not eat? And do they actually burn wheat in America to keep from selling it cheaply? Why are Negroes lynched? And is there really an electric chair?

When the questions were finished, a little fellow came forward with their wall newspaper with its bright picture of a revolutionary sun at the top, which they entrusted to my care.

Then I went away. Their lusty young voices rang out in farewell as a horse and cart belonging to the school carried me back to Ashkhabad.

It was all very different from Alabama.

One Writer's Position

HORACE GREGORY

ABOUT A MONTH AGO I received a letter signed by Mark Granite of The Nation asking for my comment on The American Circle or a United Liberal Party. I never answered the letter; my reply to questions of this kind are statements concerning my "position" and they would be better suited to THE NEW MASSES than to The Nation. Ever since the year I left college (that is, 1923) my political interests have been centered in the work of the Communist Party. Ever since 1924 my poetry has contained social implications that can be resolved only by the success of the Communist Party in America. I found it very difficult to get the early poems published, for at that time poetry with "social content" was not recognized as it is today. It was not until 1930 that my first book appeared. I was one of that small group who founded the John Reed Club; I have served as a member of the staff on the editorial board of THE NEW MASSES. Since my direction for the last ten years has been your direction, and in view of the American Writers' Congress, we should work together in making my "position" clear.

Before I start I would like to make a parenthetical observation. To anyone who knows American history the Third Party idea is not a new one. Third Parties have existed in America before the Civil War, and a number of them have polled a large minority vote in presidential elections. But the point to be made about all these parties is that their protest was and still is negative: they had no positive philosophy behind them. Henry George's Single Tax Party and all the lesser groups inspired by Veblen have been partially destroyed at their inception by the narrow use that could be made of them. They were useful only in the sense that they observed the weaknesses in capitalist society. The Communist Party in America (with the exception of the early Socialists) is the first third party of its kind to take root here, and to contain within it positive elements that define the nature of things and yet replace destruction of the old order with a newly organized structure. Once the movement that produced the Wobblies was past, even that movement died. I don't see how any thinking man can blink this fact; it's there, and if he wishes to see a change take place, this change, if it is to be real, if it is to be permanent, takes for its starting place the formation of the Communist Party in America.

Now as to my individual "position." Temperamentally, I am not a "joiner"; I avoid groups; the only club that has ever held my interest has been the John Reed Club; I know its weaknesses, I know its great potential merits; and weighing these, I think it is the only club in America that has a valid excuse for being. That is, despite all conflicts within it, it has a *future,* it is the one precedent that we have to offer for the coming generation. Yet I find it difficult to work within the group, for I want my point of view to be objective. This may sound strange and "non-partisan," but for me, it is an emotional necessity; I must make my own effort toward being honest, I must follow my own compulsion to stay within the range of my own beliefs, and to give, most of all, whatever statement I make in poetry a personal unity. I believe my value as a writer depends upon a gift of observation, and from where I stand, somewhere outside the circle of all groups, the Communist Party has proved to me again and again that it is the only group retaining a hope for the future that I find necessary for living through these times of terror and destruction.

You see, my resolution is not an easy one: I must remain in a position to observe and yet see at the center of Communist activity a final solution. For me to leave that position would destroy my unique value. Others can write, do write in the heat of conflict; I can't. I must witness the conflict, then walk away and gain perspective. If I ignore that rather delicate balance of my relationship to the Party and to America at the present time my sensitiveness to an entire situation would become dulled or grow weary. I know the case of the "tired" radical well . I shall never allow myself the luxury of becoming one of them, for my reasons rejecting the pattern of their lives are aesthetic as well as economic or political.

This brings us to another and rather personal question. While I was in England last summer I heard of an editorial attacking me in THE NEW MASSES. I understand that it was a reply to a letter I had written to Granville Hicks; I can see no point now in digging up the bones of an old controversy; my conviction has not changed; I still believe that "honor" and D. H. Lawrence are not incompatible with revolutionary literature and that we can't over-simplify our problems here. I also understand that I have been called a "right deviationist." And these two incidents bring me to another point I wish to make about my "position."

So far as I know I have avoided Party "splits"; I am an outsider, and it would be impertinence for me to take sides where my knowledge of the situation is limited. But this is merely the subdivision of a more important reason. I know of nothing sillier for us to do than split our thinking into the divisions that are now part of the history of Communism in Russia. The Trotskyites, the Lovestoneites, the Musteites are terms quite meaningless to me; they may have meaning in the U. S. S. R. or in certain sections of New York, but I can't see that these divisions do more than complicate a course of political activity here in America. I may seem naive in my conception of the entire Communist Party in America. The authority for party action is in the hands of a central committee of which Earl Browder is the spokesman. If we are politically active we can't call ourselves Communists without agreeing to follow its line of action and if we wish to see the successful culmination of our desires, we accept its terms of discipline. Anything less than that acceptance will impede all action if we ignore it, we may as well retire, sit down in a dark cave to wait for the millenium.

(In parenthesis again I'd like to say that the soundest piece of "literary criticism" I ever heard at the John Reed Club came from

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a speech by Browder; and that one of the best reviews I've read in THE NEW MASSES was Browder's able defence of Hugo Gellert's *Karl Marx "Capital" in Lithographs.*

Though I may seem to be talking around the point, all these opinions have something to do with the statement of my "position," a "position," you understand which is well outside the actual party lines; again I am an observer, and the "splits" that I see seem less important to me than to those who are in the movement and dedicated to a life of action.

However, I hear rumors of these various differences in literary discussion and I can suggest, I think, a reason for their prominence. Left cultural groups in America are very small and the economic pressure on those groups from the outside world is very great. There, in that room, wherever a group may meet, the sense of conflict is carried over into the very words that are used in the discussion. A young organizer begins to talk; the space between him and his audience becomes a barricade. One can't expect the young man to drop his desire to fight and kill his desire to struggle through his problem because he is now standing with a book, a newspaper or a magazine in his right hand. The Party line, the straight party line of that moment in that room becomes a matter of first importance—and this importance in kind and degree may or may not be related to a work of art. The tendency is to fight it out any way, to make that work of art the symbol of a battle that is going on out doors. Tomorrow, however, the party line may change, and that change, in political terms may be necessary, effective, logical.

Meanwhile the work of art (assuming that it is a work of art and not a piece of journalism) is now subjected to new treatment in a new environment of action. I believe that all important works of art *do* change in meaning, but within Left cultural groups, aesthetic standards undergo daily revision. One day we may be told to read Proust and the next to drop him. One day we may be told to consider Shakespeare and the next to ignore him. Here I would say that the instrument of dialectical materialism is being made to function as a political tool, not as a standard by which we measure works of art. Much of this is, of course, inevitable, but if we accept it at all we must see it as a new tool used by young men, an instrument of "literary" action. With frequent use, the tool has the promise of being resharpened, and every six months or so, its edges shaped to fit each emergency which may arise to meet it.

Now I am very far removed from the political activity of the Party. The very nature of my mode of living, and the kind of mind I have (which becomes easily bored by prolonged discussion of political tactics) define my attitude here. My interest in Marx is of a sort that turns to Marxism as a source and not as to an end-product. I am not an economist; I have no desire to revise Marxism, or to annotate *Das Kapital.* No, my activity is, of another kind; no matter how much prose I may write, my end in view is the writing of poetry.

I believe my position is not unlike that of the young men in England a hundred years ago, who read the news of a French Revolution and converted the spirit of that news into words; who saw in that Revolution (as we today look toward the U. S. S. R.) a new relationship made manifest between human beings. However, for us today, there is an ocean between the world of Russia and our own. Until recently there was a state of feudalism in Russia very unlike the sort of civilization we had (and still have) over here. Capitalism wears a different disguise in every country; it's a different creature in England, a different creature in France and in Germany and Italy it is taking its last stand under a reign of Fascism which wears the mask of national "socialism." Of course, we know all this. And we know too, that in literature, as well as the daily routine of living that certain changes (since both are closely interwoven) are taking place every hour; a number of these changes are strongly modified by the place in which we live and that modification has its effect upon the way a people think and feel and live. I mean here that a traditional way of living has its influence; that customs, habits of speech and habits of thinking are all to be understood: this is a truism, a platitude. I am a nationalist; not in a political sense but in the sense which you or I describe the inheritance of a culture. My generation, disillusioned by post-war experience was quick to feel (if not see directly) signs of disintegration in that culture, yet they remain as I remain, products of a middle-class society. If you wish to see a full length portrait of that moment I recommend Malcolm Cowley's *Exile's Return.*

At the present time, however, many of us see in Communism the only guarantee of a peaceful future. I say "many" advisedly, but the small group is growing and in the background are millions of inarticulate people. At this point someone might well ask me why my own poetry has no celebration of victory and why in the very cadences I write does one discover music broken and the truncated image? Of course I don't write that way deliberately, as though I were saying as I wrote "this is the way to express a given period." I do employ a deliberate technic, but its origin lies in emotional conviction, and shows something of the way I feel, as well as the way I see and hear. All this is a matter of individual choice. There has been no revolution in America and all my work would be one eloquent, screaming emotional lie if I shouted victory in this dark hour. I would have to deny my knowledge of my own people; I would have to ignore the millions who are going to starve through another long winter. I would have to close my eyes to that species of human brutality (justified by existing capitalism) that has made it possible for a few to live and live in luxury upon the wreckage of the lives of millions.

Last week someone asked me to write a song about the victorious worker splitting his shirt open as he flexes the muscle of his strong right arm. This person wanted to get the song published in the U. S. S. R. But the more I thought of his offer the angrier I became; that song written by me, living in America at the present time would be as false as those tawdry dreams of comfort and security imported to us from Hollywood on motion picture screens. My picture in the poem would be a lie—I haven't seen that strong victorious worker nor had I heard him singing his song of victory. He exists in Russia but not here; let some Russian poet write the words to that new song.

The future, however, is another matter. Meanwhile we have a long and steady fight ahead of us. Among ourselves we may make our private records of "deviations"; but we are fools if we allow rancorous quarrels to impede our action either in writing or in the growth of a political party. It may be that all of us will be wiped out in the next war (but are we living in peace today? I doubt it). The best we can do is to establish a sense of unity here and now in a country torn to fragments by "individualism"; that is our job no matter what we do. Then and only then can we succeed in building a new world for our sons to enter.

[*An article by Edwin Seaver, in next week's issue, will comment on Horace Gregory's statement.*—THE EDITORS.]

DO YOU HEAR?

"That sixth offensive's goin' to fail,"
the dirt farmer wrote,
"They can't lick that Red Chinese Army!"

Do you hear, Chinese peasants?

A hundred miles from nowhere
a tarpaper shack
in a sea of green sprouting grain
(already mortgage-covered)
is your stronghold.

A wall of stern-lipped faces
iron-ringed 'round a quivering
frightened sheriff—
is that not
your battle?

A lamp-lit room of tense, groping minds
laboring over
"Stalin—On the Sowing Program"—
are these not yours,
too?

Half-way 'round the globe
tillers of the soil
hear the blows you strike.
Thousands of them
(landlord-burdened too)
growing like the grain they sow.

Do you hear them, Chinese comrades?

MILDRED GAIMS

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Correspondence

New Masses Branch, I.W.O.

To The New Masses:

It will undoubtedly be of interest to you to learn that a newly organized branch (No. 629) of the International Workers Order has adopted the name of "New Masses," in honor of your interesting, lively and revolutionary weekly, of which each of the members of this branch is proud.

At our charter celebration held on Sunday, Jan. 27, 1935, our charter was presented to us by the City Central Committee, with the name "New Masses" engraved therein.

It will further interest you to know that we have adopted as our chief slogan, "Every Member a Subscriber of The New Masses." Let us assure you that we will do our utmost to abide by this slogan.

Julius L. Bezozo, Financial Secretary.

New York.

Maurice Sugar's Campaign

To The New Masses:

An unusual opportunity is facing Detroit workers and all progressive people in the non-partisan elections for judge of Recorder's Court that will be held on March 4. The entire labor movement, from what is generally considered extreme right to extreme left, has joined in endorsing the candidacy of Maurice Sugar, who for more than 20 years has been Michigan's foremost labor attorney. Mr. Sugar has been endorsed by such organizations as the Detroit and Wayne County Federation of Labor (A.F. of L.), the Mechanics Educational Society of America (independent), the Society of Designing Engineers (independent), the Trade Union Unity League, the Communist Party, the International Labor Defense and numerous other groups.

These organizations, so widely divergent in aims and tactics, some of them even bitterly hostile on all other issues, are agreed that the election of Maurice Sugar would greatly further the cause of labor and are working toward that end. We believe that this is unique not only in the history of the Detroit labor movement, but of the American labor movement as a whole, at least insofar as large cities are concerned.

Mr. Sugar has a record of which any man might be proud. He is not of that dubious group that style themselves—especially before elections—"friends of labor." He is *of* the labor movement, has been completely identified with it throughout his distinguished legal career, has fought and made sacrifices in defense of the rights of labor. In more than 20 years of practice, Mr. Sugar has represented labor organizations of every economic and political complexion, but never once an employer as such. During the war he was of that valiant band who did not hesitate to risk their all in opposing the war-hysteria; as a result, he was given an opportunity of completing his education by spending a year in one of Uncle Sam's choicest penal institutions. Today he is continuing the fight against reaction as a leading member of the American League Against War and Fascism.

Some of the outstanding labor cases in which he has appeared are:

He exposed and led the fight against the reactionary interests behind the bill to register and fingerprint all foreign-born which was rushed through the 1931 Michigan legislature. As a result of this fight the Federal Court declared the bill unconstitutional.

Attorney for Jesse Crawford, Negro worker, in the fight to prevent his extradition to the Georgia Chain Gang (January, 1933). The fight was won.

Secured injunction (January, 1933) to prevent the Board of Education and the city government from diverting $2,000,000 from teachers' salaries and schools to pay interest to Wall Street bankers.

Is attorney in the Michigan Red Flag case now pending in the State Supreme Court in which two workers are facing long imprisonment because a red flag was raised in a Finnish workers' children's camp where they were instructors.

Defended James Victory, Negro worker, who faced life imprisonment last summer on a framed-up charge of having attacked and robbed a white woman. The case was won.

In all these cases, as in hundreds of others, Mr. Sugar served without fee.

On various occasions he has acted as attorney for the American Civil Liberties Union and the International Labor Defense.

New Masses readers will recall Mr. Sugar as the author of the widely-discussed article in the issue of March 27, 1934, "NRA: The Crooked Referee in the Auto Workers Fight."

While all progressive forces in Detroit are united to elect Maurice Sugar, the forces of reaction, dominated by the open shop auto companies, are undoubtedly equally united to prevent it, and they have powerful backing, political and financial, as well as a press that is always at their service. Because we feel that the fight to elect the first militant labor judge in the country has more than local significance, we are appealing to labor organizations and to all progressive and liberal people everywhere to help. Funds are urgently needed to carry on an effective campaign. Those who desire to make contributions can send them to the campaign headquarters, 1010 Barlum Tower, Detroit, Michigan.

N. J. Bicknell, M. D., Chairman,
Maurice Sugar Campaign Committee.

A Revolving Bail Bond

To The New Masses:

A Committee has been at work for several months to set up a revolving bail fund of $100,000, for working class prisoners in the Metropolitan area of New York. The committee has elected a trustee body, of which Roger N. Baldwin is chairman and Leroy Peterson is treasurer. Other executive members are Leroy Bowen, Joseph Brodsky and James Waterman Wise. The conditions under which deposits in the fund will be asked are as follows: all moneys deposted are to be invested at once in Liberty Bonds to be used for bail; interest on bonds will be paid to the depositor; the money deposited will be subject to withdrawal on sixty-day notice; the fund will maintain a five-percent cash reserve to cover losses; no deposits will be used for administrative expenses, which are provided for by direct donations; organizations and trade unions asking for bail for their prisoners will guarantee the fund against loss of bail provided. At a single meeting, January 31, at the New School for Social Research, more than $15,000 was donated. The committee solicits donations in any amount, to be made payable to Leroy Peterson, Treasurer, Political Prisoners' Bail Fund, Room 1200, at 154 Nassau Street.

Paul P. Crosbie,
Chairman, Organization Committee,
Political Prisoners' Bail Fund.

Silicosis in the Middle West

To The New Masses:

Bernard Allen's article in the Jan. 22 New Masses illustrates vividly one instance of silicosis. But the disease is far from unknown out here in the Middle West.

Central and Eastern Missouri, a long time leader in the fire brick industry, has been a silicosis nest for years. Country doctors and incompetent physicians passed it off as tuberculosis in former times, but recently the workers have taken definite legal action to prove that their malady was actually silicosis.

The suit of Henry Smith vs. the Harbison-Walker Refractories of Vandalia, Mo., was the first instance of legal protest. The trial was held in Mexico, and Henry Smith was finally awarded $11,000 damages.

According to his lawyer's testimony, inadequate ventilation in the grinding rooms where Smith worked was the direct cause for the disease. Two workers before Smith had contracted silicosis. One of them died.

However, representatives of the defendants appealed, claiming the verdict was manifestly against the evidence. Smith, a dying man, received a careful medical examination before the trial and physicians found the clay dust had partially destroyed his lungs. The appeal probably will not reach the courts until 1936. Smith has only a faint chance of living that long.

Similar suits have been filed in the St. Louis area. Many bosses from that city were at the trial in Mexico, getting pointers on how to fight their ever-increasing silicosis trials. Joplin, a zinc mining town, has had similar suits filed there.

Mexico, Mo. Ward More.

Letters in Brief

The Pen and Hammer clubs have reorganized into a National Research League. Paul Salter, secretary, writes that "Our members will continue to prepare authoritative articles on subjects of interest to the working-class movement as well as to serve in other ways our general purpose. Our new form of organization permits us to utilize in this work all who are fitted for it by their professional training (in statistics and economics, history, natural and social sciences, literary criticism and philosophy) even if they reside in places where the organization has no local. We are now publishing a national bulletin containing the results of our researches." Headquarters are at 11 West 18th Street, New York City.

A Chicago reader forwards a card that was handed to him by a panhandler. Bordered with swastikas, the card reads as follows: "Thanks for the nickel. You are now a member of the Jewish Navy. Your nickel will be used to transport pigs to Jerusalem. Don't be a sorehead; get your nickel the way I got mine."

The Friends of the Chinese People, following the publication of Agnes Smedley's letter in The New Masses, to Dr. Sao-ke Alfred Sze at the Washington Chinese Legation: "Agnes Smedley, famous internationally as a staunch friend of the Chinese people and at present living in Shanghai, is in danger of her life at the hands of political assassins. We, American friends of the Chinese people, will hold you and the Nanking government responsible. Protest meetings against this threat are being arranged in New York and elsewhere. We demand that the Nanking government give assurance that no harm comes to Agnes Smedley." On Feb. 7, a delegation of prominent writers presented the same demand to Nanking's New York Embassy.

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REVIEW AND COMMENT

Thomas Boyd, Communist

A YEAR ago a letter appeared in Percy Hammond's column in The Herald-Tribune, accusing him of having defended capitalism and war in his review of a play by George Middleton. The letter concluded:

> In the next World War, for which American capitalism is busily preparing, the basic conditions will be the same as in the last. Workers will be herded in by the draft. White-collar youths, unable to find another place in a society which has no better use for them, will eagerly enlist. Bankers will pyramid their riches by huge flotations. Some millions of men will be turned into foul cadavers. . . . Others will be patched with gut and silver where bone and sinew have been shot away. And in the end the industrialists of some country—England, Japan or America—will have gained a little larger markets for the things their workers produce but are paid so little they are unable to buy. There will be immense profits for the capitalists, death and misery for the clerks and workers. All this is clear. What I want to know is, where do you come in?

Thomas Boyd, who in this letter made public for the first time his newly formulated conclusions about capitalism, had every right to speak on the subject of war. Enlisting in the Marine Corps when he was eighteen years old, he saw service at Belleau Wood, Soissons, and St. Mihiel. He emerged from the war with the Croix de Guerre and with a body racked by poison gas.

When he was only twenty-four, Boyd wrote the story of the war as he had seen it. His novel, *Through the Wheat,* is, I hold, the most convincing portrayal of the World War by an American writer and the most devastating indictment of the war machine. Even hostile critics admitted that Boyd's characters were representative American soldiers and that this depiction of trench warfare was exact and unexaggerated.

Written in the very simplest style, depending on the cumulative effect of a series of unadorned descriptions, the novel overwhelms the reader with the terrifying reality of war. This is the final passage:

> On the drab earth, beaten lifeless by carnage and corruption, drab bodies lay, oozing thin streams of pink blood, which formed dark, mysterious little pools by their sides. Jaws were slack—dark, objectionable little caverns in pallid faces. Some men still moaned, or, in a tone into which discouragement had crept, called for help.
>
> Each body was alone, drawn apart from its companions by its separate and incommunicable misery.
>
> Hicks tramped on through the field, dimly sensing the dead, the odors, the scene. He found his rifle where he had thrown it. As he picked it up, the ridge swarmed with small gray figures, ever growing nearer. He turned and walked toward his platoon. The breath from his nostrils felt cool. He raised his chin a little. The action seemed to draw his feet from the earth. No longer did anything matter, neither the bayonets, the bullets, the barbed wire, the dead, nor the living. The soul of Hicks was numb.

Though this ending is as coldly pessimistic as anything could well be, the reader somehow feels in the whole book a power of protest that almost succeeds in translating the defeat into victory. And it is true, of course, that Thomas Boyd had not surrendered to despair. A full decade intervened between the publication of *Through the Wheat* and his avowal of Communism. It was a decade, for Boyd, of varied activities, blind stumblings, false starts. But never at any time did he enroll in the lost generation. He refused to be lost; he would not adopt an easy, comfortable, prosperous pessimism. And never for one moment did he cease to hate war or to try to find a way to end war.

The results of that decade, so far as his writing was concerned, were not wholly satisfactory. He wrote a book of short articles, only one or two of which approximate the intensity of *Through the Wheat.* His historical novels are certainly inferior to his war novel. The three biographies he wrote are shrewd, well-informed, more than competent studies of unconventional Americans: Simon Girty, Anthony Wayne, Harry Lee.

It would be pleasant to say that Boyd was a great writer, but it would not be quite true. His work, taken as a whole, entitles him to a perfectly respectable place among American novelists and biographers of the twenties. He had, moreover, written one novel, *Through the Wheat,* that very clearly suggested latent greatness. But nothing that he did between 1923 and 1935 measured up to the standard he had set.

I knew Boyd only after he became a Communist, but it is not difficult to imagine what he was like in the ten years before. He has, as a matter of fact, given many hints in his new novel, soon to be published, *In Times of Peace.* It is the continuation of the story of William Hicks, the central character of *Through the Wheat,* and it tells of restlessness, dreams of success, and frustration in the mad bourgeois world of the Coolidge era. It ends with Hicks among the unemployed, battered down by ruthless police as he stands in line for a job. But this time the soul of Hicks is not numb: he knows now whom he is fighting and why, and he goes to take his place in the ranks of the militant working class.

More than once I have heard Boyd say, "I was a Communist all the time, but I didn't have sense enough to know it." He was always aware, and perhaps most clearly at times of personal success and financial well-being, that contemporary society was rotten. Even if he had not been able to use his eyes, the memory of the war would have shown him the viciousness of capitalism and the instability of what is called civilization. But why society was rotten and what could be done about it, he did not know. It took the years of crisis to teach him.

When Boyd did realize that he was a Communist, he wanted to act. He was living in Woodstock, Vermont, a small country town with a few writers and artists. He talked, of course, and his talk was fruitful, but conversational Communism was not enough. He wrote for Fight, and he volunteered to do reviews for THE NEW MASSES. Then, when a unit of the Communist Party was formed in one of Vermont's few industrial cities, he joined. Last summer members of the party told him that he was the only person available as candidate for governor. Obtaining signatures and speaking throughout the state meant the postponement of work he was eager to do, but he accepted the responsibility, and thousands of Vermonters realized for the first time that Communism was a reality and Communists human beings.

When the campaign was over, he went back to writing, and finished the two books on which he had been working. They were the first books he had written since he became a Communist, and he was naturally interested in giving expression to the new attitude he had developed and to the fresh insight that he felt he had acquired. I have read the novel, *In Times of Peace,* and part of the biography of John Fitch. It would be less than honest to say that I was wholly satisfied with the novel. It was a story that Boyd had to get out of his system, and it is certainly an interesting and an illuminating book. But I think it is fairly clear that it is the work of a man in a period of transition. It does not represent the complete integration that I feel Boyd had achieved only within the last few months of his life. It is not quite the book that the author of *Through the Wheat* should, once he had become a Communist, have written. The biography, so far as I can judge from the

DINNER—DISCUSSION
on
Drama & Music in the Soviet Union
(Illustrated)
PROFESSOR H. W. L. DANA
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ASHLEY PETTIS
Pianist and music critic
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fragment I read, comes closer to satisfying achievement. The treatment is Marxist throughout, and this poor, exploited inventor of the steamboat—one of the innumerable inventors who have been robbed of both profit and fame—takes on significance as a symbolic figure in the development of American capitalism.

I am afraid that so restrained an analysis of Boyd's work conceals both the admiration I felt for him and the confidence I had in his future. It would be pleasanter for me to throw critical reservations out the window and write in unbounded praise. But it is precisely the greatest tragedy of his premature death that he died without having given a clear indication of the literary achievement that, if he had lived, would have been his.

Boyd was certainly a born rebel. His contempt for bourgeois convention was deep-seated, and it found constant expression in word and action. He had been, I gather, quite capable of breaking rules for the sake of having them broken and shocking people for the sake of seeing them shocked. This rebelliousness was at first largely blind, but it was one of the qualities that impelled him toward Communism. And when he fully understood what made contemporary society so detestable and what had to be done to change it, boisterous protest gave way to serious, laborious activity in the revolutionary movement. It took 1,500 signatures to put the Communist Party on the ballot in Vermont, and Boyd secured the larger part of them himself by persistent, wearisome, house-to-house and farm-to-farm canvassing. He submitted to the routine of committee meetings; he delivered speeches, which he very much disliked to do; he spent long hours driving over the state to take care of minor details of the campaign. And he did all this with extraordinary vigor. Even when he was most serious, his high spirits simply brushed aside any suggestion of pompous solemnity. All his energy, so long dissipated in futile revolt, poured itself into his new-found tasks.

Twice in the course of the Vermont campaign I heard him speak. He was not a good speaker, nervous and at a loss for words. And yet his speaking was always effective, for the whole force of the man drove home his stumbling but perfectly sound analysis of capitalist decay. One of the meetings at which I heard him speak was attended largely by middle-class people, and the other was attended entirely by workers. He spoke much better at the second meeting. And I understood why when I saw how completely the workers—many of them granite cutters—accepted him as one of themselves. He obviously thought and felt almost entirely from the workers' point of view, and they responded to this quality in him.

Boyd signed the call for the Writers' Congress, and I have no doubt that he would have played an important part in it. He had the qualities of which revolutionary writers are made. His books, whatever their faults, prove it. His record in Vermont proves it. In terms of achievement and even more in terms of potentialities, the loss to the revolutionary movement is beyond measurement.

GRANVILLE HICKS.

Portrait of Two Liberals

CONDORCET, AND THE RISE OF LIBERALISM IN FRANCE, by J. Salwyn Schapiro. Harcourt. 306 page. $3.50.

COMPARATIVELY few Americans have heard of Condorcet, the French nobleman who admired American institutions, who was an advocate of radical changes in the French state, and yet found himself one of the early victims of the French Revolution. But Professor Schapiro's life is nevertheless timely for two important reasons. Those of us who are interested in our own revolutionary tradition must be curious to know what aspects of it appealed to this admirer of Franklin and Thomas Paine. And those who attracted by Marxian theory must realize that, after the history of the Russian Revolution, the indispensible history to study is that of Condorcet's period and the century following it in France. But this particular book has another reason for its significance. Professor Schapiro avows himself a liberal. His book is intended as an illustration of the "liberal" method in writing history. More specifically, it is a liberal's comment upon the father of liberalism.

The nature of this comment may become more clear if we try to suppose for a moment how a Marxian historian might have approached the same subject. He would probably have made a division, somewhat too sharp to satisfy conservative scholars, between what in Condorcet's thought and action was impractical and obscurantist, and what was shortly, in the flow of history, to become transformed into the philosophy of Marx. He might have criticized Condorcet's reliance upon abstract reason. But he would certainly have pointed out that Condorcet was more empirical than either Rousseau or Montesquieu. Condorcet's belief that the constitution of the state of Pennsylvania was the nearest the ideal in existence, his belief that the Quaker society of this American state in the eighteenth century was the most admirable in the world, is certainly a more accurate representation of fact than Montesquieu's interpretation of the British constitution. Not only does he criticize Montesquieu on this score, but he quite frankly and correctly predicts that the American imitation of this much admired system of checks and balances through the separation of legislative, executive, and judicial functions will lead to absence of responsibility and to corruption in politics. Our suppositious biographer would praise and accept all this, and spend his effort probably in distinguishing between Condorcet's theory of human perfectibility and Marx' law of the economic determination of history. And when it came to practice, he might very well have pointed out that Condorcet, like Jefferson, erred in his theory when he kept his state on the conservative agricultural foundation because, out of historical necessity, he could not predict the rise of industrialism. As a result of the conditioning of environment, which is neither to be praised nor blamed but rather to be thoroughly understood, every act and idea of Condorcet would be interpreted as representing the dialectic opposition between a dying nucleus of neo-classical royalist attitudes and a nucleus struggling to develop into full-blown Marxian economic theory. Such an analysis might or might not be a rich and subtle one, but it would at all events be free from ambiguity.

By contrast Professor Schapiro's book is baffling, hesitant in its direction. Indeed, to some readers who might expect a liberal to acknowledge gratefully some sort of debt to his forebears, the book will seem traitorous. It is true that on the surface it is a dispassoniate and scholarly biography. The author protects himself by an extensive reliance upon authorities. He quotes discreetly from Condorcet in the succinct manner of the well qualified college lecturer. And he has read everybody who has written upon him since. He relies to a considerable extent upon the judgment of Sainte-Beuve and Brunetière, though he tells us they were hostile in their verdicts. But, as so often happens, when the pieces are assembled, the composite picture is not so clear. In his introduction Schapiro says that the genius is too far above his age to represent its hopes. The lesser figure, like Condorcet, brings us "closer to the advanced thought of his day." What the book actually shows is that the advanced

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thought of pre-revolutionary France was either impotent or disastrous in practical results, that the hopes were destined to go permanently unfulfilled. Condorcet is thrust back into his own dead, misguided century. This liberal of our own age will have little or none of him, save to profit by his mistakes. His reliance upon abstract reason is mildly rebuked. His optimistic belief in the natural goodness of man is treated as the most gross of all his abstractions. His belief in man's perfectibility, to which a whole chapter is devoted, is held unfortunate since its lack of fulfillment is now plunging us into pessimism. At this point Professor Schapiro draws Marx into his argument. "Poverty has dogged his heels of progress." And after Condorcet, Marx is blamed for it.

This situation brought forth the socialist criticism, associated with the work of Karl Marx, which asserted that progress, under a capitalistic economy, results in the ever-increasing impoverishment of the masses of mankind. And the future would see their complete ruin unless the capitalistic system was overthrown.

The socialist criticism has, in our own day, caused many to question their faith in progress. No longer is it believed to be natural and inevitable, as it was believed in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. The limitless vista of Condorcet's of the perfectibility of mankind was of the very essence of liberalism at its rosy dawn. Into that eighteenth century dream went a belief in the essential goodness of human nature, a love of mankind, and a faith in reason that never faltered. After the experience of the nineteenth century, with its revolutions, its nationalist wars, and its aggressive imperialism, perfectibility no longer dominates the idea of liberalism.

The rosy dawn has faded into a wintry twilight, in which it is futile to look for the road ahead. The structural changes in society by which Marx would supplant capitalism, which would once more permit the essential goodness of human nature to show itself in the creation of ever more interesting and useful lives: these are not mentioned, have, perhaps, long ago been dismissed from the author's mind as altogether too absurd. But with their dismissal has gone also everything that Condorcet stood for except his advocacy of gradual change.

Belief in progress (adds Professor Schapiro) persists (the verb is revelatory), but as a process of definite achievement, the result of a conscious and deliberate solution of problems, limited in scope, that arise in a constantly changing social order.

With the air of fatigue that has come to characterize modern liberalism, Professor Schapiro demolishes what he calls the myth of human perfectibility under which Condorcet lived and worked. He sees very clearly that progress is not the automatic law of history, but that man must work for every inch of the way. What he does not see on the contrary is that his own liberalism is equally involved in myth. For he believes that progress does become automatic when one keeps his eye on the inch and the inch alone. The direction can take care of itself. This ostrich faith of a tired liberalism economises its effort by refusing to look for the underlying causes of events and by assuming that what seem immediate though minor improvements will automatically accumulate into a reorganization of society. Professor Schapiro's labors over the biography of Condorcet appear to have left him no time to study the more recent history of Social Democracy in Germany or to observe the accumulated "progress" that has followed the socialist solution of the housing problem in Vienna.

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Reluctant Eyes on China

CHINA, by L. A. Lyall. Charles Scribner's Sons. $5.
ONE'S COMPANY, by Peter Fleming. Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated. $2.75.

Wherever one looks the signs of political crisis appear. It has been my business to read publishers catalogs regularly and with some care, and here too, the signs are clear. In the non-fiction lists, as well as in fiction, with its growing proportion of proletarian novels, the number of books dealing with the crisis of capitalist society, and the manner in which the theme enters into books not specifically touching upon it, reveal how consuming is the general concern with the question.

Of great significance is the fact that among travel books, and general histories, last paradises in the South Seas, and last words on the classic lands are pretty nearly finished business. The bulk of the travel literature, and historical writing of recent seasons deal with the two nations, in which Communist systems are in operation, Russia and China.

Of the two books, here under review, both deal, indirectly, with the development of Communism, Mr. Lyall's is by far the more useful. The author has lived long in China, has been a government official and has cultivated an attitude of fairness and objectivity which comes as near to being genuine as objectivity for its own sake can perhaps be. In his historical and social survey he attempts a fair estimate of Chinese civilization. He does not hesitate to arraign his own nation, England, for the barbarities and hypocrisies of its relations with China and to recommend to it a policy of withdrawal from an open imperialist line, which, however, in view of the position of Japan, becomes merely a matter of anticipating the inevitable. He does not, perhaps, understand his own motives in recommending an alliance between Great Britain and the United States, which would serve, not the interests of China primarily, though that is the excuse given, but of these two imperialisms which Japan's role has now reduced to a subordinate and imperilled situation. In his comments on the Chinese Soviets, he avoids the ludicrous disparagements of the usual imperialist observer, but, satisfied with the admission that some of the best elements of contemporary Chinese life are in the Communist movement, he lets the embarrassing subject go.

Mr. Fleming's travels include Soviet Russia as well as China, and he got as far as the anti-Communist front of the Nanking armies. This gave him a wholesome respect for the Communist movement in China, in its military aspects; but his bias, shown in the vulgarity of his Russian observations, keeps him from understanding both the basis and the nature of the movement. Mr. Fleming is a writer who cultivates charm with some success, but for this virtue of his he has made, here, a poor choice of subject. Here Mr. Fleming's charm is so out of place as to become irritating.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER.

A Sitwell Unconfined

THE PLEASURES OF POETRY, by Edith Sitwell. 3 vols. Milton and the Augustan Age—The Romantic Revival—The Victorian Age. W. W. Norton & Co., New York. $2 per vol.

In her three long introductions to her three short anthologies, Miss Sitwell's selections speak for her taste; and, although no quarrel is possible here, any more than a quarrel was possible when Allen Tate preferred Wyatt's "To His Lute" to Shelley's "Adonais," we have the tone set when we see that Herrick overbalances, in space, all the other Augustans, and Swinburne crowds Browning out from among the Victorians.

At one time or another, glimpses of her humanity escape; her passion for Pope, continued from her adoring book about him, her recognition of Milton's scope as against Herrick's prettiness which follows — that is the most one can say for her. Beyond that, she talks endlessly about swelling shapes and taut shapes in poems, the "higher-keyed A" and the "rather thick consonants (soft, like the fur of the tiger)"—this for Blake. This is not even the study of prosody, of course. She pretends to be in the footsteps of Saintsbury and Bridges, but she isn't. Her weapon is feeling, and she's hard. Her method is to go around patting poems for their "texture"—rubbing them the wrong way, for the most. Speaking of "The Ancient Mariner," she points out the increase of horror, the tension, the stopping of all natural breathing, the quickening of the heart with terror—and concludes from all this, not that Coleridge knew anything about horror or tension, but that he "understood, almost better than any poet, the difference between a quatrain and a sextain."

All this has very little to do with verse, and nothing at all to do with poetry, its writers, the ages that produce it. All it proves is that many fools can write about poetry and that the Sitwell dictum applies to the critics of poetry as well as to its pleasures: "The pleasures of poetry are unconfined."

MURIEL RUKEYSER.

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Brief Review

WE JEWS, by George E. Sokolsky. Doubleday Doran. $2.50.

No one, in a country where the emerging fascist terror is already leaning heavily on the Czarist standby that the Jews are to blame for all the ills of Capitalism, can deny the importance of writing clearly and truthfully about the Jews. The truth, however, that anti-semitism has been used by capitalism as a device to split the ranks of the workers, has eluded the author. That failure or refusal to see the truth is already hinted in the title. Otherwise, can it be that, having lived in Russia, Mr. Sokolsky does not know that those who fell at the hands of the infamous Petlura's hordes during the Civil War in the Ukraine were not Jewish capitalists, but masses of Jewish workers; or that, being a student of world affairs, he has not heard of the Jewish capitalists in Nazi Germany who dismissed their Jewish employees as an overture to the hired gangsters of Thyssen and Krupp? His liberal position betrays the author into some shameless anti-semitic thrusts, however coyly expressed, finally landing him in the arms of the chauvinists . . . and Palestine! But Palestine is the best indication we have to date that Jews, among others are not and cannot be, under Capitalism, a homogeneous cultural group; that, on the contrary, wherever there are profits to be made, the Jewish Capitalist, like his German brother, will not stop even at the decimation of his co-nationals, if it assists his ends.

CALL IT SLEEP, by Henry Roth. Robert O. Ballou. $2.50.

Another first novel about the Jewish East Side. The author, a C.C.N.Y. graduate, describes three years in the life of a neurotic Jewish boy between the ages of six and nine. The child's reactions to the hectic squalor of the streets, to his Rabbi, to his kindly mother and tyrannical father are done with vigor, understanding, and a sensitivity which, however, often degenerates into impressionism on a rampage. The book has other flaws. The plot, hinged on the disclosure of an early romance of the mother's, appears late and is given less attention than it deserves; the book is too long by at least two hundred pages; the spelling of the dialects is vile; and the sex phobias of this six year-old Proust are over-emphasized. It is a pity that so many young writers drawn from the proletariat can make no better use of their working class experience than as material for introspective and febrile novels.

THE CONQUEST OF THE MAYA, by J. Leslie Mitchell. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton Co. $3.75.

In the field of "human history" which is the term anthropologists of the "Diffusion School," prefer to use for their science, a battle rages over the issue: was culture "diffused" from a center in Egypt, or developed in like forms, in separate centers in response to like conditions. Mr. Mitchell, writing from the diffusionist side, sees Mayan civilization as a gradually deteriorating survival of the culture brought to America by Asiatic immigrants. In his polemic ardor he does not hold back from implied accusations of fraud and vandalism. He manages to make the quarrel exciting, and probably no more interesting descriptions of Mayan civilization has yet been written. One cannot help feeling, however, that less attention to the problem of elephant sculpture in a country where there were no elephants and more to the obvious realities of early class struggle would have given the author a more rewarding source of interpretation of one of the most magnificent pre-Columbian civilizations.

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The Theatre

God's in His Heaven

ON Sunday evening, Feb. 3, the Theatre Union prize one-act play, *God's in His Heaven,* by Philip Stevenson, and Clifford Odets' *Waiting for Lefty* were presented before an overflowing and enthusiastic audience at a benefit given for New Theatre magazine. The Stevenson play was a disappointment. The Theatre Collective which produced it, while doing only a fair job of it, is not solely responsible for the disappointment. The play as a play fell down. It tells the story of a skilled worker who doesn't believe that anything is wrong with the good old U.S.A.; that nobody starves, and that if a fellow tried hard enough a job would be forthcoming. It shows the depression sticking its corrupting paw in his household when his son returns from eight months of job hunting, a cynical, potentially criminal social anarchist. The son can't stay at home any longer. The four walls oppress him. He leaves for the road just a few hours after he has returned. And although starvation and corruption, the depression twins, have hit his confidence, the father hysterically keeps grasping the last straw, "Nobody's starving."

The trouble with *God's in His Heaven* is first, that it is dated. Its punch was effective in 1930 or 1931. Today the American worker may be confused but he's not blind — social forces have been moving quickly. Secondly, there is no one character with whom the audience can sympathize. Certainly not the father. And the son, vicious, bitter, and violent, has not had the advantage of a progression of character which a three-act play would have given him. One can sympathize with a depression waif on the stage, but one has to have the opportunity of seeing his decline; seeing his fight against joblessness; seeing callousness almost crusting his sense in order to fully sympathize and identify oneself. Thirdly, the play is slow starting and long drawn. Its dramatic core lies in a psychological turn of the father's character which can never be clear nor convincing simply because the structure of the one-act form doesn't allow for a great deal of character progression.

As an historical portrait of an American type the play may have some importance, but as one which either exposes the effects of the depression or urges its audience to act, regretfully we must say *God's in His Heaven* is a failure. Its shortcomings should stimulate playwrights to write more one-act plays. The workers' theatres demand them. They are as important as any three-act play. *Waiting for Lefty* proves this. Clifford Odets' play can be seen again and again, for it doesn't lose force or interest. It has more direct agitational appeal than anything else we have seen with a possible exception of the last scene of *Stevedore.*

MICHAEL BLANKFORT.

Other Current Shows

New Masses Night. Ambasador Theatre. Feb. 9, 8:30 P. M. A brilliant program staged by The Group Theatre for the benefit of THE NEW MASSES. Seven "revolutionary divertissements" are an added attraction to the main piece of the evening: Clifford Odets' *Waiting for Lefty,* the powerful revolutionary drama which has been greeted with shouts and cheers since its premiere on Jan. 5. Tickets on sale at THE NEW MASSES, from 55 cents to $1.65 (tax included).

Revolutionary Dances. Center Theatre (Radio City), Feb. 17, 8:30 P. M. Solo and group dances chosen by a board of prominent dancers and dance-critics and offered as a summary of the year's accomplishments of the Workers Dance League. This program has been arranged in response to the demand of thousands of dance lovers who were turned away from the two previous solo recitals. (Tickets available at 114 West 14th Street.)

Crime and Punishment. (Adaptation of Dostoievsky's novel.) Biltmore Theatre. When Dostoievsky wrote this novel, to question whether or not God exists was considered revolutionary enough. This is only typical of the "dated" quality of the play based on that novel. The famous introspection likewise give the appearance of stale stuff simply because we no longer accept as important the particular social context in which Raskolnikov's conscience was tortured. The novel may still be a great novel, for it is rich with character and observation, but the play, necessarily no more than a sketch of the book, fails to be more than that. It is too bad that Victor Wolfson's talent as a director, and Irene Sharaff's splendid scenery appear to be wasted on a hopelessly inadequate play.

Laburnum Grove. Booth Theatre. Affable British suburbanite (played well though sometimes overplayed by Edmund Gwenn) throws his household in a panic by casually admitting his trade is counterfeiting. A drop of dramatic situation diluted to make three acts of middle-class banality which London theatregoers kept alive for fourteen months. A perceptive (*i. e.,* revolutionary) treatment of the same theme could have amounted to something of considerable importance.

Sailors of Cattaro, by Friedrich Wolf. Civic Repertory. The Theatre Union's third production and the most important play in town. Tells the story of the Feb. 1, 1918 rebellion in the Austrian fleet, of the seizure of power by the rank and file sailors. Wolf's posing of individual as against collective leadership confuses rather than clarifies the problem. Outside of this flaw, the play deserves wide commendation. Brilliantly acted against the truly magnificent set by Mordecai Gorelik, with moments of masterly drama. Attendance required of all NEW MASSES readers. Cheapest seats 30 cents.

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Land of Sweet Lorgnettes

ROBERT FORSYTHE

WHEN the history of the last depression is written, a chapter will be needed for Mr. Gatti-Casazza and the Metropolitan Opera House. Mr. Gatti will appear only as a symbol, as a gentleman who represented his lords and ladies in the day when an ordinary citizen was allowed in the opera house only after fumigation and ended his career in that fantastic period when ladies in ermine were standing before microphones pleading with the hoi polloi to come to the aid of the Diamond Horseshoe.

Being always more social than musical, the opera has been so definitely an upper class diversion that it has never been necessary to class angle it. On the romantic side, there were stories of the good Italian bootblacks and spaghetti dealers who stood in line during the late winter afternoons for the privilege of buying standing room for the night. They were fondly described as the real lovers of the operatic form and whether belonging to the prima donna's claque or carried away by their enthusiasm for the tenor's high notes, they were expected to keep up a clamor of "Bis!" and "Bravo!" as long as the principals could be inveigled to come before the curtain and long after the ladies and gentlemen in the Diamond Horseshoe had ceased making the pretense of looking at the stage and had taken to their ogling of friends in other boxes and the customary stroll through the lobby.

The possession of a box on the lower tier was regarded as the ultimate in social distinction. While there were such compilations as the Social Register to indicate who belonged to the better families, it was only at the opera that one could find visible evidence of the respective standing of the contesting parties. The boxes were purchased outright and remained in the permanent possession of the owners, changing hands only at rare intervals and for large amounts. They were held often by estates and handed down as heirlooms. In the absence of a title which might pass from the father to the eldest son, the Metropolitan Opera box was the nearest thing to rank that the country possessed.

Up until 1930, the Met was on easy street. Not only did it have a lengthy season, but it had built up a surplus, something quite unknown among opera companies. In Chicago the Civic Opera had a deficit of $500,000 to $1,000,000 every year. The McCormicks carried most of the burden for years and then it was taken over by Mr. Samuel Insull, who succeeded not only in ruining the company when he ruined half of the Middle West, but of ruining many of the members of the company, who bought stocks at his suggestion. Prices at the Metropolitan in those days were based on a price of $8.80 for an orchestra seat. If you could afford $4.40, you would be entitled to a seat in the Family Circle, which was approximately in the neighborhood of Second Avenue and at an altitude which could only be described as perilous. If you were given a seat in the Family Circle on the sides of the Horseshoe, it was possible to see only one small side section of the stage, even by standing and leaning as far forward as possible without precipitating yourself into the lap of a De Peyster in the orchestra seats below. In short, the general public was admitted only on sufferance and was allowed no liberties which might jeopardize the pleasures of the ladies and gentlemen who arrived in the middle of the second act and endeavored valiantly to ignore the musical hubbub going on before them.

It was in 1932 that the custodians of American culture felt the pinch to such an extent that they were filled with cries of anguish. The Met couldn't go on unless it had a guaranteed fund of $300,000 for the season. It was then that Society graciously stepped aside and allowed the masses to support the classes. Without opera it was hinted that American culture could not continue. It was pointed out further that the Met was America's own, the pride and joy of every citizen who jammed into a Lenox Avenue Express. Miss Lucrezia Bori, consumed with the zeal of a Spanish Crusader and perhaps with the necessity of maintaining a place where she might profitably sing, headed a committee which touched the heart of the populace with its pleas. Could the old lady who sold papers under the steps of the Sixth Avenue "L" feel that she had done enough for her adopted land unless she had contributed to the support of Mr. Kahn's opera? Was it proper for the buttonhole maker to feel that he had fulfilled his duty when he had saved for three months and got enough for one ticket in the Metropolitan gallery, only half a mile from the director's stand? If opera was to be rescued, if American pride and honor were to be upheld, it was the duty of every loyal burgher to come forward and do his part. The money was raised and the opening night of the 1934-35 season was among the most brilliant in years. Among those present were General and Mrs. Vanderbilt, Mr. and Mrs. J. Pierpont Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. Otto Kahn, the Countess Gazumpus and Mr. Herbert Ackleroyd, Mr. Cholly Knickerbocker, Miss Helen Worden, Mr. Izzy Kaplan and assorted photographers, reporters and singers' managers. The boxes, orchestra, balcony and family circle were filled with excellent folk in starched front and low bodices who would be driven to work on the morrow by their chauffeurs. On the outside making neat and proud rows for the celebrities to file through on their way to the entrance were the representatives of the loyal citizenry who had supplied the bulk of the subsidy.

It seems now that even the yearly $300,000 will not be enough. The wealthy box holders, who are also owners of the real estate on which the opera house stands, have decided that they can no longer sustain culture even when it is supported by their inferiors. There is a plan to shorten the season even beyond its present curtailed length. There was an abortive project to combine the Met with the Philharmonic Orchestra. But even that was not sufficient. The gentlemen who were able to raise two million dollars for the defense of America's Cup were unfortunately not prepared to die for dear old Aïda. When things looked blackest, a clatter was heard and in rode the Hon. Fiorello H. La Guardia, Mayor of the City of New York, with a plan for a community center of art, of which the Met should be the nucleus. Not only would there be opera, but there would be "pop" opera during the summer, at which presumably the general public might be seen while the box holders were resting at Newport and Narragansett Pier.

There is every possibility that the Hon. Fiorello will get his wish. The distinguished box holders will sacrifice their holdings in the opera house for the greater public good and for a figure which will amply care for their investment and they will even go further. They will agree to retain their ancestral boxes and add tone to a fine civic venture by appearing at opening nights amid flashlights, general public acclaim and Miss Nancy Randolph of the Daily News, just as if nothing untoward had happened.

More about "Chapayev"

WHAT is there about *Chapayev* that makes it so great? It is the most mature expression of a tendency that has been apparent in Soviet films ever since the liquidation of the R.A.P.P. (Russian Association of Proletarian Writers.) The influence of the R.A.P.P. during the last period of its existence resulted in films that were schematic and uninteresting. The ensuing demand that "Soviet films must portray, not schematic figures, but living, breathing heroes of socialist construction, the Civil War, the various revolutionary periods . . ." had a revitalizing effect upon the Soviet cinema.

The first example of this new tendency to reach the United States was the classic *The Road to Life*. Later we were shown *Golden Mountains* by Yutkevitch. This film represented an extension of the method first introduced by Ermler in *The Fragment of An Empire* (1928-39), also of the Leningrad studio. *Shame* (*Counter-Plan*) directed by Ermler and Yutkevitch, was a further step toward a synthesis of the "personal" or "psychological" film. In both these films, the worker was a human being and not a saint. The aristocratic factory boss of *Golden Mountains* was not the capitalist of *The*

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End of St. Petersburg. The White engineer of *Shame* was portrayed, not caricatured. Other films followed, some good and some quite poor. Then we saw Barnet's *Patriots* (*Suburbia*), which had character development, humor and urbanity in abundance.

And then at the end of 1934 *Chapayev* was released. It is a synthesis of the really great things of Soviet cinematography. As Eisenstein points out in New Theatre, it marks the inauguration of an era of great "synthesis." The directors, Georg and Sergei Vasiliev are not newcomers to the film. For ten years they were studying and experimenting, with two small experimental productions to their credit.

PETER ELLIS.

Other New Films

The Iron Duke (Gaumont British): English imperialism is still booming on Broadway. This time with a film of its own making. The world's worst movie player, George Arliss, gives his misinterpretation of the Duke of Wellington. But even King George showed his displeasure with Mr. Arliss by not awarding him the peerage he was expected to get for his work on this film. Most likely, as Robert Forsythe pointed out, someone in Hollywood is not getting the Order of the Garter.

Baboona (Fox): Once more Martin and Osa Johnson give us Africa: quasi ethnology, cute monkeys, strange animals, and the usual jungle fight. This time, however, they made the picture with a couple of airplanes and one Eymo.

The Mighty Barnum (United Artists): A Wallace Beery vehicle, designed to take the minds of the unemployed off their troubles, with Adolf Menjou taking Jackie Cooper's place opposite Beery.

Here Is My Heart (Paramount): Paramount shedding tears over the plight of the White Guards in Monte Carlo in this new edition of *The Grand Duchess and the Waiter* with Bing Crosby.

Three Songs About Lenin (Amkino) a great documentary film that is Leninism in emotional, visual, and oral terms. A film that defies evaluation by ordinary standards: it is lyrical as it is dynamic; simple as it is profound; and universal in its appeal. It must be seen. P. E.

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Between Ourselves

WE WISH to notify all concerned that C. Frank Glass, of Shanghai, China, is not and never has been our correspondent. Upon his visit to the United States last spring, he offered to write some articles for THE NEW MASSES. He avowed himself a friend of the Chinese people. Since that time, however, we have received positive information that his credentials were false, and we have information from our correspondents in China that C. Frank Glass is carrying on activities harmful to the interests of the Chinese liberation movement.

An exhibition of cartoons, lithographs and other drawings by Russell T. Limbach, staff artist of THE NEW MASSES, has been arranged in Cleveland. The pictures, which have appeared in THE NEW MASSES and The Daily Worker, are now on view in the Cleveland Print Market, 6709 Euclid Avenue. Cleveland readers of THE NEW MASSES will have an opportunity of seeing this exhibition throughout February.

A farewell exhibition of drawings and mural paintings by Jacob Burck will open at the John Reed Club Gallery, 430 Sixth Ave., New York, on Feb. 10, 2:30 p. m. This will be Burck's last exhibition before he packs up his pictures and leaves for the Soviet Union where he has been invited to draw for the Komsomolskaya Pravda. Many of the original drawings for his new book *Hunger and Revolt* will be shown. The exhibition will continue for one week.

New Masses Lectures

Joshua Kunitz on "Cultural Advancement in the Soviet Union," Friday evening, Feb. 8, at the Premier Palace, Sutter Avenue and Hinsdale Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.; auspices the Brownsville Branch of the F. S. U.

Leon Dennen on "Where the Ghetto Ends," Friday evening, Feb. 8, at the Brownsville Youth Center, 105 Thatford Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Sender Garlin on "The Power of the Press," an illustrated lecture, Sunday evening, Feb. 10, at the Workers Center, 27 Hudson Street, Yonkers, N. Y.; auspices Westchester Workers School.

Ben Goldstein on "News Printed to Fit," Sunday Feb 17, 4 p. m. at 210 Fifth Avenue, New York City; auspices, American Union Against Reaction.

Sender Garlin on "The Power of the Press," Sunday evening, Feb. 17, at the Circle Forum, 1947 Broadway, New York City.

John L. Spivak will lecture on "Wall Street's Fascist Conspiracy," at the following seven meetings:

Friday evening, Feb. 8, at the Morrison Hotel, 79 West Madison Street, Chicago; Saturday evening, Feb. 9, at the Engineers Auditorium, Ontario and St. Clair, Cleveland; Sunday evening, Feb. 10, at the Montefiore Synagogue, Hewitt and Macy Place, Bronx, N. Y. C.; Tuesday evening, Feb. 12, at the Mercantile Hall, Broad and Master Streets, Philadelphia, under the auspices of the I. L. D.; Wednesday evening, Feb. 13, at the Jamaica Jewish Center, 150-91 87 Road, Jamaica, L. I., under the auspices of the American League Against War and Fascism; Friday evening, Feb. 15, auspices United Front Supporters and I.W.O. Br. 8, at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, 28th Street and Broadway, New York City; Sunday afternoon 2 p. m. at the Franklin Park Theatre, 616 Bluehill Avenue, Dorchester, Mass., auspices of the Workers Bookshop.

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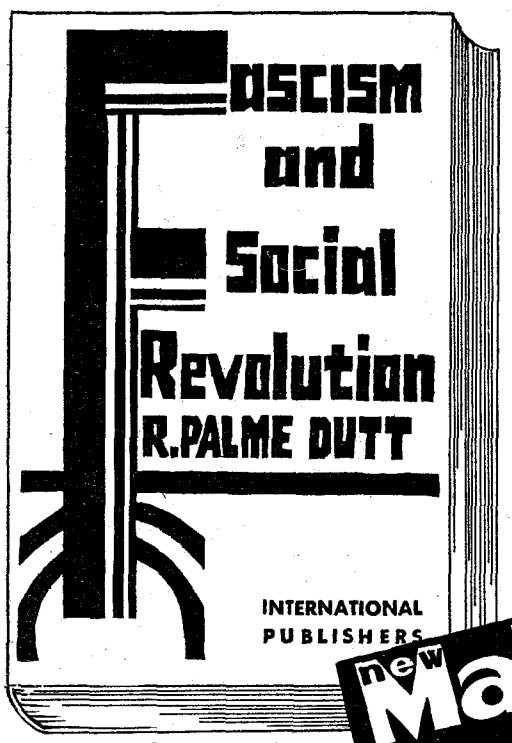

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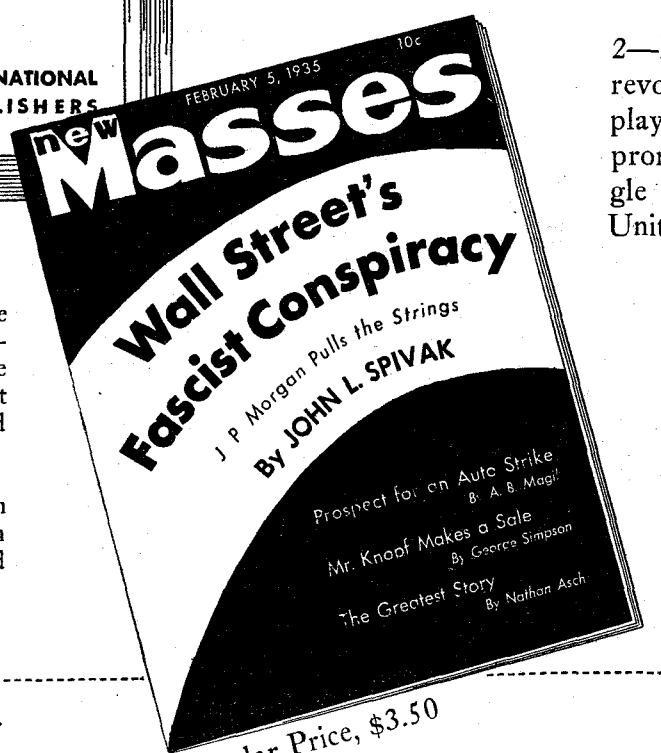

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